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The Christian East

A QUARTERLY REVIEW DEVOTED TO THE STUDY OF THE EASTERN CHURCHES

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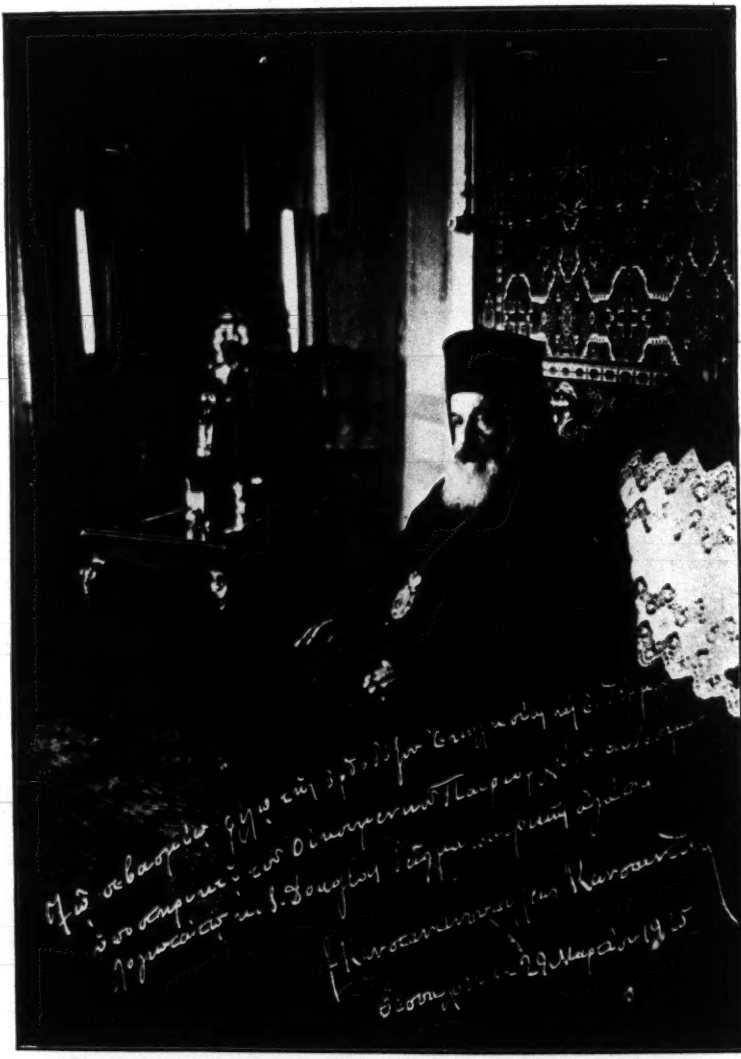


"AN EXCHANGEABLE HOSTAGE."
The Œcumenical Patriarch of Constantinople.

The Christian East

THE COUNCIL OF NICÆA, A.D. 325.

THIS Summer we keep the sixteenth centenary of the Council of Nicæa, 325.

I

It is surprising how little information we have about it. According to Tillemont, 20th May, which Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian who wrote *c.* 439, gives as "the time of the synod,"[1] is the date at which its members were to assemble. He assigns 19th June for its "effective commencement."[2] Not till after 3rd July, the second anniversary of the Battle of Adrianople, which made Constantine sole sovereign, did the Emperor himself arrive.[3] Then, after an opening ceremony, at which Constantine presided, in the Hall of the Imperial Palace,[4] the solemn sessions began in the Cathedral.[5] They were brought to a close by a final meeting in the Palace, with the Emperor again presiding, for the promulgation of the synodal decisions. On 25th July Constantine celebrated the opening of the twentieth year of his reign. He made a great banquet to the bishops who had attended the Council, as if to mark both his *Vicennalia* and the close of their labours. Some of them had taken their duties lightly—for, happily, bishops were human then, as now—and though they had not all been present at the debates, Eusebius assures us that "not one of the bishops was wanting at the Imperial banquet."[6]

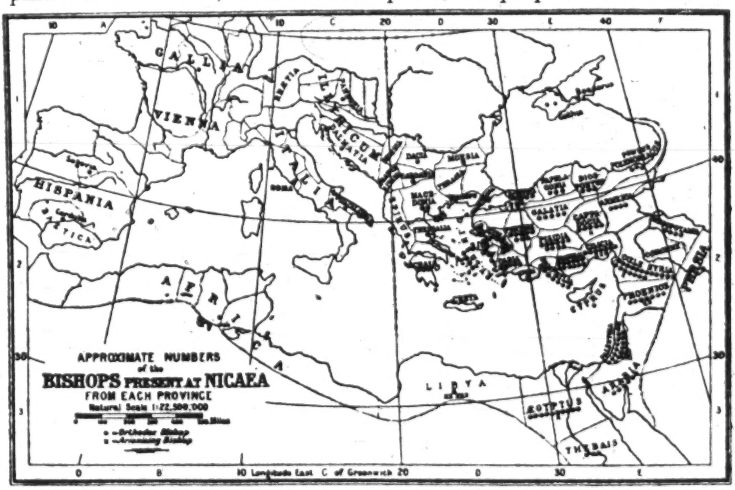
II

Of these debates we know little in detail. No minutes have survived. It is doubtful whether any ever existed.[7] For when "Athanasius," who, "with his bishop Alexander, took the most prominent part in the discussion,"[8] was asked by a friend, some twenty-five years later, to tell him "what was done in the synod," he "let him know at once what then took place," but did not refer him to the minutes.[9] Evidence of this kind, then, is all we possess. But, slight though it is, it comes first-hand from the principals con-

[1] Socr., *H.E.*, I, xiii, §13.
[2] Socr., *H.E.*, I, viii, §12.
[3] Tillemont, *Mémoires*, vi, 804.
[4] Eus., *V.C.*, iii, c. 10.
[5] Eus., *V.C.*, iii, c. 7.
[6] *Ibid.*, c. 15.
[7] Hefele-Leclerq, *Conciles*, §23.
[8] Sozomen, *H.E.*, I, xvii, §7.
[9] Ath., *De decretis Nic. Syn.*, §2: written *c.* 351–5.

cerned ; and, by a happy coincidence, they represent three out of the four points of view which found voice at the Council. We will distinguish these groups by terms borrowed from current political phraseology, so as to give them precision without prejudice.

First among our informants, one of the leaders of the Right and an anti-Origenist, was Eustathius, Bishop of Antioch, 324–30 ; a fragment of whose reminiscences[1] is preserved by the ecclesiastical historian Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrus, 423–†58. From the same point of view there are fuller details preserved by Athanasius. He had a strong sense of humour, and he gives a picture, twice repeated, of the scene at one of the discussions. The Arianisers, while one phrase after another, taken from Scripture, was proposed as sufficient



to exclude their tenets, were caught " whispering to each other and winking with their eyes," as if to say " there is no difficulty in agreeing to these ";[2] or, as he says in a later description of the scene, they " were observed exchanging nods with one another,"[3] to the same effect.

We have nothing, unfortunately, of what was said in the Council by Arius or by his supporters of the Left : but there are letters and fragments of his in existence,[4] and we know that he was so frank in the expression of his opinions that " the bishops stopped their ears."[5]

It was this frankness that embarrassed his friend and fellow-Lucianist, Eusebius, Bishop of Nicomedia, 325–39, the leader of the

[1] Theodoret, *H.E.*, I., viii, §§1–5.
[2] Ath., *De decretis*, §20.
[3] Ath., *Ad Afros* (A.D. 369), §5 : tr. in Kidd, *Documents illustrative of the History of the Church*, Vol. ii, No. 54.
[4] Letters in Thdt., *H.E.*, I, v, §§1–4 (to Eus. Nic.) ; Ath., *De Syn.*, §16 (to Al. of Alex.) ; and fragments of the *Thalia* in Ath., *Orat. c. Ar.*, i, §§5, 6, and *De Syn.*, 16 ; tr. in *Documents*, ii, Nos. 6, 7, 14.
[5] Ath., *Ad episc. Ægypt.*, §13.

Left Centre. It was he and his friends who "winked" and "nodded" their assent to Scriptural terms, for none of them would have effectively excluded Arianism. But, according to St. Ambrose, a letter of his was read in the Council, in which he seems to be warning one of his friends who was going too far, by way of concession, towards the acceptance of non-Scriptural terms, and says: "If we speak of Him as true Son of God and uncreate, then we are on the point of accepting the phrase 'of one substance with the Father.'" And Ambrose assures us that it was "on the reading of this letter in the Council of Nicæa that the Fathers inserted the word 'of one substance' in the formulary of faith: they saw it was the very thing which their opponents feared."[1]

Last of all, there remains the testimony of the other Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea in Palestine, an Origenist and leader of the Right Centre. In his *Letter to the People of Cæsarea*,[2] he gives the Creed of Cæsarea[3] and the "Faith published at the Council,"[4] and then proceeds to justify the addition to the Creed of the Nicene phrases, such as "Of one substance with the Father."

Such are our first-hand authorities for the proceedings of the Council: meagre enough in quantity, but sufficient to enable us to see what went on, and to account for the reaction that followed. There should be added the lists of its signatories.[5] Some are in Latin:[6] but they bear evident marks of translation from a Greek original. The names, moreover, are arranged according to provinces;[7] and the provinces mentioned reproduce the political divisions of the Roman Empire as known to have existed at the time of the Council. We may therefore assume that the lists are both early and authentic. They show that Hosius—apparently as president—signed first; and the Roman presbyters, Victor and Vincent, next; and, further, they contain but 218 names. Some bishops, however, are known to have been present whose names do not appear on all copies of the lists, if at all: Marcellus, of Ancyra; Paphnutius, of the Upper Thebaid; and Spyridon, of Cyprus. It is possible, also, that, from one source of information or another, the list may be brought up to 232 or 237 names. But this falls far short of the traditional[8]—and mystical[9]—number 318.

Besides these first-hand authorities, there are others of secondary but considerable importance—the ecclesiastical historians. Of these,

[1] Ambrose, *De Fide*, iii, §125.
[2] Given by Ath. as an Appendix to the *De decretis*: tr. *Documents*, ii, No. 12.
[3] *Letter*, §3. [4] *Ib.*, §4.
[5] Hefele-Leclercq, *Conciles*, §35.
[6] C. H. Turner, *Eccl. Occ. Mon. Jur. Ant.*, I, i, 36–91.
[7] Excepting that the names of Hosius and the papal legates, Victor and Vincent, stand first, *ib.* 36–7. For "the bishops present at Nicæa from each province"; *see* Map 5 of the *Cambridge Mediæval History*, Vol. I.
[8] By A.D. 369; *see* Ath., *Ad Afros*, §2.
[9] *Gen.* xiv, 14; Ambrose, *De Fide*, iii, §121.

Eusebius of Cæsarea was an eye-witness; while the works of his continuators, Socrates, Sozomen and Theodoret, with Rufinus, belong to the first half of the fifth century. To the second half belongs the *History of the Nicene Council*, compiled from these sources in 475, in three books by Gelasius of Cyzicus; but only the second book[1] concerns his subject; and, "where his narrative is not sustained by these older writers, it is of doubtful value, and at times positively erroneous."[2]

III

Taking these fragments and records as our guide, I may quote what I have written in my *History* for the course which the debates may be supposed to have followed: and omit the references, which will be found there.

"First of all, Arius, who was present by the Emperor's command, was put on his defence, and avowed his opinions so frankly that 'the bishops stopped their ears.'

Eusebius of Nicomedia, embarrassed by this frankness, then induced the Council to have recourse to an examination of the Scriptures: it was a proposal willingly accepted by the majority. All, indeed, would have gladly kept to simple and Scriptural terms: and made every effort to do so. But, as one term after another was proposed, the Eusebians skilfully turned the edge of its meaning . . . At length, the majority were forced, by the Arian evasiveness, to have recourse to a formula other than Scripture: a bold expedient, and one adopted against their will, but they had no choice . . .

Third, followed a discussion as to what formula . . . Eusebius of Nicomedia put forward a formulary, written by himself; but, according to Eustathius of Antioch . . . it was 'torn to shreds in the sight of all,' and rejected as heretical. Eusebius of Cæsarea then proposed a second, 'not of his own devising, but consisting of the Creed of his own Church, with an addition intended to guard against Sabellianism.' This was an improvement: for it was unassailable on the basis of Scripture and of tradition. But it was felt to be inadequate; until, at last, Constantine, prompted by Hosius, proposed its acceptance, 'with the addition of the one word *Homo-ousion*.' The proposal was adopted; and, on the basis of the Creed of Cæsarea, with additions from those of Antioch and Jerusalem, due, no doubt, to the presence of Eustathius and Macarius—bishops of these two Sees—'in the Council, the bishops framed the Creed of Nicæa, or, more properly, the Nicene Faith.'"[3]

[1] Migne, *P.G.*, lxxxv, 1223–1344.
[2] O. Bardenhewer, *Patrology*, §99.
[3] *History of the Church to* A.D. 461: ii, 28–30.

IV

Interesting as is the story of these debates, the decisions taken by the Council are what chiefly concern us to-day: and these are as follows, with their documentary sources. First, the Creed: which is given in the letter of Eusebius, *To the People of Cæsarea*.[1] Then, the *Canons*.[2] Next the *Synodal Letter*:[3] in the copy of which addressed to the Alexandrians the Council informs them of its decision in respect of Arianism, of the schism of Meletius, and of Easter. Probably, these are the only *acta* which ever existed; and they were reinforced, so far as Easter is concerned, by Constantine's *Letter to the Churches*.[4] We need not concern ourselves with Meletius or with Easter: but there are points in regard to the Creed and the Canons of permanent importance.

(i) As to the Creed, the first point of importance is its purpose. It is not, strictly speaking, the Creed, but the Faith of Nicæa. A creed is a formulary intended for learners, and taught to them in preparation for baptism: so that, when they have received (*Traditio*) and professed (*Redditio*) it, they are in possession of a *Symbolum*, or password, distinguishing them as Christians from heathen. But this was not the original intention of the Nicene formulary; nor was it called a "*symbolum* (except in Can.-Laod. 7) till its conversion into a baptismal profession in the next century."[5] Its purpose was not for learners but for teachers; not for catechumens but for bishops. It was intended as a test for teachers, to secure their orthodoxy. The name was "the Faith"[6] or "the Lesson,"[7] not the Creed, of Nicæa. Its outstanding affirmation is that our Lord is "of one substance with the Father"—a phrase by which the Council claimed, in the face of the evasiveness of the Arians and the ease with which Scripture can be twisted to cover a doctrine alien to the meaning of its authors, to declare the meaning of Scripture and to protect it authoritatively. The principle on which they took their stand is that the sense of Scripture is Scripture; and that it is for the episcopate in Council authoritatively to interpret it. As Catholics, we of the Anglican Church are equally pledged to that principle to-day.

But, apart from this purpose, there is a further point of interest as to the use of the "Creed." The Creed of Nicæa is not the "Nicene" Creed now in use. It was never used in worship: and, indeed, was not suited for the purpose. Its anathemas, though admirably fitted to detect in a bishop, or official teacher of the Faith, any

[1] Eus., *Ad Cæsarienses*, §4: tr. *Documents*, ii, No. 12.
[2] W. Bright, *Canons of the First Four Councils*, with notes: tr. *Documents*, ii, No. 11.
[3] Socr., *H.E.*, I, ix, §§1–14: tr. *Documents*, ii, No. 9.
[4] Socr., *H.E.*, I, ix, §§32–46: tr. *Documents*, ii, No. 10. H. M. Gwatkin, *Studies in Arianism*,[2] 40, n. 1.
[5] Eus., *Ad Cæsarienses*, §4: Ath., *Hist. Ar.*, §42.
[6] Socr., *H.E.*, I, viii, §44.

lurking lack of loyalty to it, would be out of place for the unlearned, and especially at worship—though the Armenians recite them at Mass. Nor did the bishops, as they returned to their diocese, think of using the formulary of Nicæa in this way. What they did was to take the anti-Arian clauses, and to insert them into the catechetical Creeds of their respective Churches. Examples of this mode of procedure are exhibited in the Creeds of the local churches of Cæsarea in Cappadocia,[1] of Armenia and of Jerusalem. Thus in the Armenian Liturgy of to-day, the Creed runs :—[2]

"We believe in one God the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth, of things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the SON of God BEGOTTEN OF GOD THE FATHER, ONLY-BEGOTTEN, THAT IS, OF THE ESSENCE OF THE FATHER: God of God, LIGHT OF LIGHT, VERY GOD OF VERY GOD, AN OFFSPRING, AND NOT A THING MADE; OF THE VERY NATURE OF THE FATHER: BY WHOM ALL THINGS WERE MADE in heaven and upon earth, both visible and invisible: WHO FOR US MEN AND FOR OUR SALVATION CAME DOWN from heaven, and was incarnate, WAS MADE MAN . . .

BUT THOSE WHO SAY 'THERE WAS WHEN THE SON WAS NOT' etc. . . . SUCH DOTH THE CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC HOLY CHURCH ANATHEMATIZE."

It contains Nicene sentences as printed in CAPITALS: but it is not the Faith of Nicæa. The same treatment befell the Creed of the local Church of Jerusalem, which runs :—[3]

"*We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible*:

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, Begotten of His Father before all worlds, LIGHT OF LIGHT, VERY GOD OF VERY GOD, BEGOTTEN, NOT MADE, BEING OF ONE SUBSTANCE WITH THE FATHER, THROUGH WHOM ALL THINGS WERE MADE; WHO FOR US MEN, AND FOR OUR SALVATION CAME DOWN . . . AND SUFFERED . . ."

Here the *italics* represent the local creed as expounded, *c.* 347, in the Catechetical Lectures of St. Cyril,[4] as a presbyter at Jerusalem; while words in SMALL CAPITALS are insertions from the Faith of Nicæa. The result will easily be recognised as our "Nicene Creed." How it happened, and why all Orthodox and Catholic Christendom recites for the Creed at Mass the creed of this particular local Church, with the Nicene additions, is a problem of which the exact solution has not yet been found. But so it is. Not the Faith of Nicæa, but the Creed of the Church of Jerusalem, is the base of our "Nicene"

[1] F. J. A. Hort, *Two Dissertations*, 146.
[2] F. E. Brightman, *Liturgies*, 426 *seq.*
[3] Hort, 144: tr. *Documents*, ii, No. 67. [4] Hort, 142.

Creed: and this Creed, recited in worship, is the bond between all Catholics, the supreme example of unity compatible with variety, and the only foundation of doctrine on which any wider unity is likely to be based.

(ii) The Canons of an Œcumenical Council stand on a lower level than its dogmatic decisions. They are not of universal or binding effect; nor need they be of permanent interest. But one of the Nicene Canons bears on this problem of unity to-day; the famous Canon which begins "Let the ancient customs prevail."[1] This Canon, like all the rest, was occasional in origin: and was prompted by the Meletian disorders in Egypt. Meletius had been guilty of invading the rights of the See of Alexandria, by disturbing the old relations between the Archbishop and his suffragans. These ancient customs were now once more to prevail. Such rights of direct authority over diocesans as the Roman See exercised within its own sphere, these the See of Alexandria was to enjoy, as hitherto, in its sphere. Unfortunately, the Canon does not mention what the Roman sphere was: for everybody then knew. So for the Greek. But two questions arise: What, if any, is the further evidence of the Latin versions? and, What was the Roman sphere?

As to the Latin versions,[2] the two oldest[3] support the Greek; but, at the Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, the Roman legate produced a variant according to which the sixth canon began "Ecclesia Romana semper habuit primatum."[4] It was instantly confronted with the Greek original, and repudiated:[5] and it turns out to be a later insertion of Italian *provenance*.

But what was the Roman sphere? The paraphrase of Rufinus[6] (†410), with two Latin versions of the fourth[7] and fifth[8] centuries, make mention of the "suburbicarian churches" or "places." Now this is a legal term; and would mean, at the time of the Council of Nicæa, the churches of the ten provinces of central and southern Italy, with the islands of Corsica, Sardinia and Sicily, *i.e.*, of the region administered, in civil affairs, by the Vicar of the City.[9] The original Roman patriarchate was thus in question; and such immediate rights over his suffragans as the Roman bishop had in this region, those the Bishop of Alexandria was to enjoy, according to this sixth canon, over the bishops of Egypt. It is sometimes contended that only the patriarchal rights of the Roman bishop were thus under consideration; and that his papal authority remains in the background. But the language of the canon is natural enough, if its authors were only drawing an analogy from the authority of one great See to that of another. "It is not what would be natural on the

[1] Canon VI. [2] C.H. Turner, *Eccl. Occ. Mon. Jur. Ant.*, I, ii, 103 *sqq*.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 120. [4] Turner, *op. cit.*, 148.
[5] Mansi, *Concilia*, vii, 443-4, C, D. [6] Turner, *op. cit.*, 197.
[7] *Ib.*, 120. [8] *Ib.*, 121. [9] *Ib.*, 150.

part of any assembly of Christian bishops who believed that Christ had given to the Roman See a plenitude of jurisdiction, which differed not only in degree but in kind from that of any other See whatsoever."[1]

V

We pass now to the results of the Council: and it is sufficient to note that, by excluding Arianism from the belief of Orthodox Christians, the Council of Nicæa saved the Christian Faith. Thomas Carlyle made no profession of orthodoxy: but he was quick enough to see that "If the Arians had won, Christianity would have dwindled away to a legend."[2] It is true that there was a forty years' reaction in favour of Arianism, after the bishops went home from the Council. It is equally true that "Arianism was put down" under Theodosius I. (379–†95), "as it had been set up" under Constantine II. (337–†61), "by the civil power."[3] But when the Nicene decisions had won their way, as they had before the death of St. Athanasius (†373), the future of Arianism was closed. "To that Council," he wrote in 369, "the whole world has long ago agreed . . . The Word of the Lord, which came through the Œcumenical Synod at Nicæa, abides for ever."[4] Nor was it a barren victory, of one party over another, of *Homo-ousion* over *Homoi-ousion*, *i.e.*,—to recall one of the most characteristic of Gibbon's gibes—of a word spelt without over a word spelt with an iota. For all which *Homo-ousion* was meant to secure, and did secure, was that Jesus is God, and that, therefore, Christians may worship Him and put their trust in Him, as they always had done, from the beginning. It was not a victory for theology only, but for religion.

On this achievement rests ultimately the great prestige of the Council; though, from the first, its prestige stood high above all other Councils, on other grounds. Not only was the Nicene Council the first on the list of Œcumenical Councils; but it has quite overshadowed, in the mind of succeeding generations, those that followed. This was due to its being a great innovation: occurring as it did within a dozen years of the last persecution, striking men's imagination and engaging their gratitude as marking an unexpected transition for the Christian Faith from danger to supremacy, and for Christians from threat of extinction to the sunshine of Imperial favour. Next, it was due to Constantine himself—the Great, because he knew a great thing when he saw it. Such greatness he discerned in the Christian Church, and was concerned for its welfare and its unity. The Council was a device to secure it. There had been Councils of the

[1] W. Bright, *Roman See*, 80.
[2] J. A. Froude, *Carlyle's Life in London*, ii, 494.
[3] H. M. Gwatkin, *Studies in Arianism*, 260.
[4] Ath., *Ad Afros*, §§1, 2.

East and in Egypt before ; and both on a considerable scale. But there had been no Council[1] hitherto, representing his Empire as a whole : nor could there have been until he adopted the idea and saw it through. This also was a striking distinction for the Council of Nicæa—its accomplishment by the Imperial good-will. But more striking, that the Council which the Emperor collected was, as no subsequent Council could be, a Council of confessors.[2] Many of its members bore marks themselves of having suffered in the persecution. Hosius, its president, had been a confessor in the persecution of Maximian.[3] Potammon[4] and Paphnutius,[5] two Egyptian prelates, had each lost an eye, and the latter had been hamstrung[6] in the persecution under Maximian. Eustathius of Antioch, Bishop of the third See in Christendom, is spoken of as a confessor.[7] And Paul of Neocæsarea on the Euphrates came with hands that had been paralysed by red-hot iron[8] in the persecution of Licinius. There were other prelates, too, of great saintliness and simplicity of character : the ascetic James, Bishop of Nisibis : the missionary Bishops John of Persia and Theophilus of the Goths : and the old shepherd Spyridon,[9] of Cyprus. No subsequent Council could show distinctions such as these. So the Council of Nicæa marks an epoch. It was held by the first Christian Emperor. Its members included not only leaders of great ability, but, in the rank and file, men who had suffered for the Faith. These all met to bear witness for it. And hence the lasting fame of the Council of Nicæa.

VI

It is not now possible to deal in detail with the objections with which the Council has been pursued, whether in its own day or in modern times. Men said then that the term *Homo-ousion*, which it chose in order to secure the perpetuity of the Catholic Faith, was open to criticism on such grounds as that it is not found in the Scriptures ;[10] that it had already been repudiated by previous synods ;[11] and that its philosophical associations were misleading. To these objections the answers made were : that, in order to secure the sense of Scripture, the Church must, if need be, take power to go outside the terms of Scripture ; that, what one Synod may set

[1] The suggestion appears to have come from Alexander, bishop of Alexandria, who, on a visit to Nicomedia, gained Hosius for the project and so Constantine : Philostorgius, *Kirchengeschichte*, i, §7 (*Die griechischen christlichen Schriftsteller*, xxi, p. 8 ; ed. J. Bidez) ; *see* P. Batiffol, *La paix constantinienne*, p. 319.

[2] " Athletes," Chrysostom, *Orat. c. Judæos*, iii, §3.

[3] *See* his letter in Ath., *Hist. Ar.*, §44.

[4] Ath., *Hist. Ar.*, §12.

[5] Socr., *H.E.*, I, xi, §2.

[6] Rufinus, *H.E.*, i, §4.

[7] Ath., *De Fuga*, §3.

[8] Thdt, *H.E.*, I, vii, §5.

[9] Socr., *H.E.*, I, xii.

[10] Ath. notes the objection in the *De Decretis*, §1 ; and this treatise is his answer to it.

[11] *Viz.* at Antioch, 269 ; *so* the Semi-Arians at Ancyra, 358 ; *see* Ath., *De Synodis*, §43 ; Hilary, *De Synodis*, §41.

aside in one connection, another may rightly affirm for another purpose; and that "What the Greeks say is nothing to us."[1] For, if the philosophical term in question is suited to our purpose, as it is, for it is the only term which effectually shuts out Arianism, then we may discard its associations, and use it without fear. Other criticisms have been directed against the Council in modern times: (1) That it marks the triumph of "private judgment."[2] But, besides discussion, there was corporate witness to the traditional belief of the Church. (2) That it is the supreme instance of dogma imposed by a hierarchy. This objection is hardly compatible with the former; but it is not true, for, at the Council, there was a strong preference for language drawn from Scripture only, with every opportunity for free discussion. (3) That its terminology is metaphysical. But *omnia exeunt in mysterium;* and we must be prepared to resort to metaphysical terms in order to protect ultimate truth, unless we are prepared to acquiesce in a dumb faith.[3] Or again (4) that its decisions ought to have been expressed in terms of will and not of substance, of psychology and not of metaphysics.[4] But it was the Arians who thought it enough to affirm a unity of will[5] and not of essence, between the Son and the Father. This, however, is insufficient: for such a moral union may exist between God and a great saint.[6] Was Jesus then no more than that? And, whatever may be said as to our having abandoned the philosophy of substance, the term is still adequate, as no other, to safeguard the truth that it contains, viz., that the Son of God is not less than very God: while, if men say we ought to find a term more consonant with the categories of modern thought, we must at any rate wait till the whole of Catholic Christendom is united in the project not only of abandoning the existing Creed, with its Nicene clauses, which it recites at the Holy Sacrifice, but of fixing upon, and adopting, another formula better fitted to secure its faith.

VII

There are, in the largest reckoning, twenty Councils, from the Nicene to the Vatican, claiming to be Œcumenical.[7] Of these, the first eight[8] were summoned by the Emperors. They were Councils

[1] Ath., *De Synodis*, §51.
[2] A. P. Stanley, *Eastern Church*, 110 (ed. 1883).
[3] A. Robertson, *Athanasius*, p. xxxiii.
[4] W. Temple, *Foundations*, 232; echoing a remark of his father, Abp. Temple, made in 1857.
[5] When they say that the Three Persons of the Trinity are "three in essence, but one in will," Ath., *De Syn.*, §23.
[6] Ath. takes exception to it, as recalling the Arian invasion of "I and my Father are one," *sc.* in will, *ib.*, §48.
[7] On these: *see s.v. Conciles* by J. Forget in A. Vacant and E. Mangenot, *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*, iii, 636-76.
[8] (1) *Nicæa*, I, 325; (2) *Constantinople*, I, 381; (3) *Ephesus*, 431; (4) *Chalcedon*, 451; (5) *Constantinople*, II, 553; (6) *Constantinople*, III, 680; (7) *Nicæa*, II, 787; and (8) *Constantinople*, IV, 869.

of the Οἰκουμένη or Roman Empire, and Œcumenical in that sense. But for Œcumenicity in the wider sense there must be representation of the episcopate as a whole, including effective co-operation on the part of the Pope, as Head of the Episcopal College. The Pope did not convoke any of the first eight Councils, nor can it be shown that, by an act of subsequent confirmation, he gave to all of them Œcumenical authority. But in respect of those that were Œcumenical in their celebration, he did effectively co-operate. He did more than this in all but one (Constance) of the remaining twelve or Western Councils, but none of these was representative of the episcopate as a whole. The Orthodox East rejects the eighth, which condemned Photus; and recognises the first seven. The Anglican Church recognises six;[1] but, in her more authoritative documents, the first four: to which, however, the decisions of the fifth, sixth and seventh were of the nature of corollaries. With us, these first four are normative; and the reason is that in the sixteenth century we exchanged the Canonist[2] for the Civilian definition of heresy, and the Civilian standard of orthodoxy and heresy had been determined by the action of the Emperors Marcian, (450–†7) and Justinian (529–†65), who incorporated the decrees of the first four Councils into the Civil Law.[3] To this standard our Formularies of Faith[4] and our Ecclesiastical Acts of Parliament[5] constantly recur between 1536–71: and to this we are pledged. It is the guarantee of our doctrinal continuity: for it was a standard that never changed throughout all the storms of action and reaction at the Reformation. It is also the anchor of our claim, in the English Church, to be as good Catholics as anybody else.[6]

B. J. KIDD.

[1] Homily against Peril of Idolatry, Part II; *Homilies*, 197 (Oxford, 1859). We should note that the seventh, which is the second of Nice, was not called about "any question of faith, but of manners."—R. Field, *Of the Church*, iv, 61 (Cambridge, 1852).

[2] The Canonist definition was "Quod catholicus non habeatur, qui non concordat Romanæ ecclesiæ," *Dictatus P. Gregorii*, VII, No. 26.; *op.* C. Mirbt, *Quellen zur Geschichte des Papsttums*,[3] No. 255.

[3] Marcian by *Tandem aliquando* of 7 Feb., 452; *Mansi*, vii, 475–8, tr. *Documents*, ii, No. 216; and Justinian by *Novel* cxxxi, c. 1 (*Corpus Iuris Civilis*, iii, 654 *seq.*; Berolini, 1880–95, of A.D. 545.

[4] The Ten Articles of 1536, The Bishops' Book of 1537, the King's Book of 1543, and Canon VI of 1571; *see* Lloyd, *Formularies of Faith*, pp. xviii, 62, 227, and Gee and Hardy, *Documents of English Church History*, 476.

[5] The Statute of Heresy, 25 H. viii, c. xii, §7 (*Statutes of the Realm*, iii, 455), and The Act of Supremacy 1 Eliz., c. 1 §36 (Gee & Hardy, 455).

[6] On this point see my *Modern Oxford Tract* or *How Can I be sure that I am a Catholic?*

THE CITY OF THE CREED.

By Canon Douglas, Ph.D.

(*In substance this article has appeared in the "Church Times," by kind permission of the Editor of which it has been rewritten for the "Christian East."*—Ed.)

NICÆA is situated about 60 miles south-east by east of Constantinople in a rich plain bounded towards the sunrise by a range of hills which culminate in the snow-capped Bithynian Olympus. In the days before Mount Athos, it became *par excellence* the Holy Mountain, the most famous home of the Angelic Monks. Its site is on the east of Lake Ascanios, which itself is divided from the Marmora—the marble sea—only by a mile and a half broad strip of land.

Of the primitive history of Nicæa little is known, except that before it was refounded in 312 A.D. with its present name signifying the City of Victory by Antigonos, one of the Diadochi who divided the vast Empire of Alexander the Great in 316, it was the capital city of Bithynia. After Cannæ, Hannibal the Carthaginian, who, defeated by Scipio in the war for world mastery, made his home at Brusa, close by, must have visited it, for his reported tomb is at Ghevitseh, 20 miles off, and a huge sarcophagus, which 150 years ago, according to Leake, the traveller, bore a "Hebrew"—*i.e.*, probably a Punic—inscription, still stands dumped on a hillside, a mile or so from the city's north-western walls, by the old road to Constantinople, and invites our curious speculation. Pliny, whose very name makes us prick up our ears, built much in and about it when pro-consul of Pontus and Bithynia, of the latter of which it was the principal city. Indeed, the well-known description of his investigation into the "superstition" of the Christians, the contagion of which had spread in the villages no less than in the cities of his Government, may have been compiled for Trajan in Nicæa itself. At any rate, the amphitheatre, the stones of which stick up out of the ground like the bones of a mastodon, frozen 10,000 years ago into a Siberian iceflow, and cry for excavation, is the permanent memorial of his kindly rule and of the value set on the city by the early Emperors. In 120 A.D. Hadrian, whose favourite, Antinous, came from the vicinity, girdled the city with walls, all of which, except two gates, have been rebuilt, but which, according to that great authority on walls, my friend, the late Professor Van Milligan, of Robert College, the son of Byron's physician, undoubtedly served as a pattern for those more famous walls of Constantinople, which remained virgin to the assault of every enemy from 406 to 1453 A.D.

As they stand to-day in their unpreserved ruin, the walls of Nicæa are still marvellous. They run some 5½ English miles in their circumference, and (since the city, like all cities built at the period of the inception of the Seleucid era,[1] was refounded by Antigonos four-square), have four main gates, the *Roumi*, pointing to the north and opening on the road to Constantinople, *i.e.*, New Rome; the *Lefkeh*, pointing to the east and leading to that little town; the *Yeni Shehr*, pointing to the south and opening on to the road to that pleasant town; and the Water Gate, pointing to the west and forming the main landing stage to the traveller approaching the city by Lake Ascanios. As I have said, only two of those gates, the *Lefkeh*—Greek, Leucæ, the White Town—and the *Yeni Shehr*, date from Hadrian, and into all of them the Byzantine Cæsars, the Crusaders and the Turks have built with lavish vandalism columns, theatre seats, and other stones of ancient buildings.

I can never forget how, on paying my first visit to Nicæa, about 30 years ago, I came riding in through the former.

We had done the long, weary six hours' train journey from Haida Pasha, the Constantinople railhead of the Smyrna railway, past Ismidt Nicomedia, and along the bank of the stony Sangarios, where the Greeks found their debacle in 1922.

Then had come a hot ride over the mighty hills with their sheer, dangerous precipices. The road was little better than a track, curling along half way up the cliffs, and once, while our guide said Kismet, I had sat on my seat and nearly gone down into the abyss from one, styled the Eagle's Crag. At last we had come out on to a rich, half-cultivated, desert plain and had reached the old Roman road, still good for all its centuries of neglect. Then we turned a corner and far away on the road stood up the line of the rounded towers and of the battlements of the old, old city.

Just inside the Lefkeh Gate a spring splashes, as it must have splashed in 325 A.D., on to the rough cobbled way—they call it the Theotokos' Fountain: to drink of it is sacramental—and by its source was a huge pomegranate, the red flowers and dark foliage of which formed a natural setting to a lovely Greek girl and boy, twins of sweet seventeen, with light red-gold hair, sitting talking. I thought of Xanthos Merelaos, and wished that I had had the power to paint the picture.

Nicæa's rival was Nicomedia, which, as Nicæa is Isnik, has become Ismidt by the prefix of a prosthetic alpha and not as, according to the guide-books, by a corruption of Εἰς Νικομήδειαν. Diocletian chose Nicomedia as his residence, and, in due time, Constantine held his Court there. But it is less than 30 miles from Nicæa, and he could reach the *Roumi* Gate in an early morning's ride.

[1] There are nationalities such as the Jacobite Syrians which still date from 312 B.C., and not as do we from A.D.

When last I visited Nicæa—in 1912—the modern town contained about 2,000 Turks, 600 Greeks and 100 or so Armenians. Except the Koniak, the houses were mere shanties, of mud brick, but, doubtless, as Antigonos laid it out in 316 B.C., the main street still ran in the straight line from the *Lefkèh* to the *Water* Gate. An Italian, a fugitive from justice, kept a quaint little hostelry, L'Hôtel de Nicée. You slept Eastern fashion on the floor, if you could sleep in spite of Habbakuk's live creatures (see the seventh verse of that Prophet's second chapter!) spared you. You fed Turk fashion, and so on. But the Hôtel's visitors' book held notable autographs.

Another time I slept near the Column of Dion Cassius, which first-century geographer hailed from Nicæa, outside the walls, in my tent—a pleasanter bed-chamber.

To take steamer to Mudania, where Sir C. Harrington collogued with Ismet in 1922, ride to Guemlek and then sail over Lake Ascanios to Nicæa, or to ride from Mudania first to Brusa—Hannibal's Brusa, silk-growing Brusa, Brusa of the Mosques, beautiful Brusa of the medicinal springs—thence to *Yeni Shehr* and so to Nicæa, used to be the usual way to visit the city, the panorama of which, as one rode down from the latter, was very fine. But to approach it by the former route and to see the old walls rise over the blue waters of the lake in relief against the ring of great mountains is an incomparable experience.

Just down by the south of the lake walls, a solitary cypress—Dean Stanley noted it in his Eastern Church lectures in the fifties—marks the traditional place of the palace in which the lists of the Great Council were opened on May 20th, 325 A.D. Experts have challenged the authenticity of the site, but a fig for experts. I used to prefer to sit out on the lake and dream of it thick with galleys, one of which carried old Alexander of Egypt and stunted, malformed, vivacious Athanasios, a second pale-faced, grim Areios, a third burly St. Nicholas of Myra, the Saint of the Mont-de-piété and the Three Gold Balls, and other equally notable personalities among the 318 Fathers to the Council.

Whatever failings the Byzantine Empire possessed, the devoted care of its Cæsares Augusti for the sacred places of the Œcumenical Christendom over which they held themselves to be the Christ's vicegerents, as witness the Church of the Anastasis at Jerusalem, is beyond challenge. Constantine's successors lavished their resources in making the City of the Creed a worthily symbolic city. But of all their work, at the time of my first visit a score of years and more ago, Turkish vandalism had left nothing except two churches, and of these, before 1903, it had allowed one to become a roofless ruin, and the other it gutted deliberately in 1922.

To-day the space enclosed by the walls of Nicæa is "all too large for

its shrunk shanks," being a jumble of brushwood, mulberry groves for the staple silk industry and gardens. That desolation is the result of the steady decay of the past six centuries of Turkish misrule.

Although Nicæa is seldom mentioned in history, it remained from 325 to 1330 a cherished possession of Eastern Christendom and a populous central city of N.W. Asia Minor.

The Empress Irene chose it for the convention of the seventh and last Œcumenical Council in 787 A.D. Islam had coveted it from century VII onwards, but its walls had proved and remained invincible to the Arab armies, which received a notable repulse under them in 910 A.D. The Seljuk Turks, who were under Arab humane influence and, in comparison with their Ottoman successors, were civilised, took it in 1030 A.D. and made it their capital. Under their Sultans, Suleiman and Kilif Arslan, it rivalled Bagdad and Cordova as a capital of Arab learning and science. By help of the Crusaders the Cæsars of Constantinople regained it in 1097 A.D. In 1204, when Pope Innocent IV.'s Crusaders turned away from the Holy Land, seized and sacked Constantinople, and set up their puppet Latin Emperor and puppet Papal Œcumenical Patriarch in the Sacred Palace and the St. Sophia of the New Rome, the legitimate Emperor, Theodore Lascaris, with the legitimate Patriarch Michael, took refuge in it, and carried on the life of Eastern Christendom in its palace and its St. Sophia until in 1268 the western usurpation was past, and their successors returned in triumph to Constantinople.

Thenceforward we know practically nothing about it. Orkhan, the father of Othman, the eponymous chieftain of the barbarous Ottoman Turks, captured it in 1330. Mahommed, the Conqueror of Constantinople, decreed in 1444 that its rival Nicomedia should supersede it as capital of Bithynia.

To the skilled eye, the record of the vicissitudes which Nicæa has undergone since Hadrian's time is visible in its walls. The present city has a couple of exquisite mosques, the Yeshil Jami—green mosque—and the Eshref Jami, once a beloved place of pilgrimage, both dating from the fourteenth century, and adorned with exquisite tiles; some shrines of Moslem Saints—in Islam the devotion to the holy dead is, if more crass, as intense as that in any part of Christendom; and an Imaret, or place from which pilaf (rice) and tchorba (soup) are distributed every Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, to the indigent. By its brickwork, the last was plainly of Byzantine construction.

But the two central objectives for every Christian traveller have always been the Church of St. Sophia (every Eastern City had its St. Sophia, *e.g.*, Salonika, Kief, Nikosia), and the Church of the Assumption (Greek Koimesis, *i.e.*, Falling Asleep,) of Our Lady.

The former, the Cathedral of the City of the Creed, was probably founded by Constantine the Great. Much of the present structure is certainly of the eighth century. For 64 years (1204–1268) it was the Metropolis of Eastern Christendom. Theodore Lascaris' successors were crowned and the Patriarch John's enthroned in it. In form it was a fine dome-capped basilica with the usual large double narthex at the west end and dome-crowned chapels at the East. When I last visited it, though the muezzin was called from its decrepit minaret, its roof was down. Bits of Byzantine frescoed plaster still adhered to the walls of its chapel and an old, stark-naked, mad fakir (beggar) lived in it and rushed out on me, shouting "Giaour, Infidel," to scare me. The seventh and last Œcumenical Council was held and its decree proclaiming Veneration of the Cross and Holy Images to be every Christian's duty was promulgated under its vanished dome in 787 A.D.

Of the smaller church of the Koimesis and of its fate, I can hardly bring myself to write. In origin it is very ancient and monastic, but was rebuilt by a private benefactor in the tenth century. Even the Othmanli Turks spared it to the Christian and, with St. Mary Mouchliotissa at Constantinople, it remained the only Byzantine shrine of importance which in all the country had not been desecrated to be a mosque.

When I last visited it, the signs of the loving care expended upon it were manifest. The Christians of Nicæa were poor, depressed and subject to harsh government under Abd-ul-Hamid and his predecessors—in fact they had almost lost the Greek tongue, and their Liturgy was usually said in Turkish—but they found compensation in their pride in their Church. Joachim III., the Great Œcumenical Patriarch of the first decade of this century, had restored it. The wonderful tenth-century mosaics of Our Lady in the dome and round the Holy Table, which were of unique type in portraiture and execution, were in excellent preservation. The building was rich in ancient treasures—a fine stone sarcophagus (perhaps that of Lascaris); great marble candlesticks (manoualia); in crosses, gospels, manuscripts; above all, in old, old eikons.

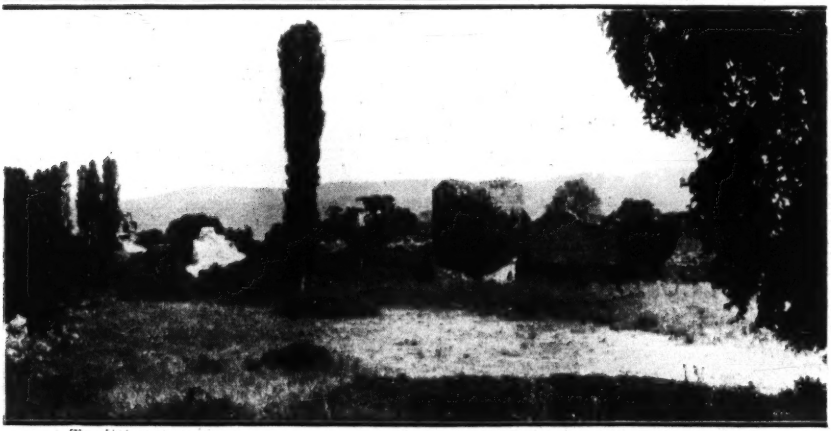
One of these last, mentioned in his well-known lectures on the Eastern Church by Dean Stanley as a "rude picture"—was of the Great Council. It showed Constantine throned, with the Gospel in his hand, and in front of him, while Alexander of Alexandria, Eusebios, Athanasios and others looked on, Nicholas of Myra delivering his famous clout on the ear to the heresiarch, Areios. Sir E. Pears and Dr. van Milligan maintained that the archæological details of costume, etc., were so accurate that it must have had an earlier fourth or at latest fifth-century prototype. I tried once to photograph it, by flash light, but in vain, and, as far as I know, no one else succeeded. Now it has been destroyed, together with the age-long tradition of

NICAEA, THE CITY OF THE CREED.

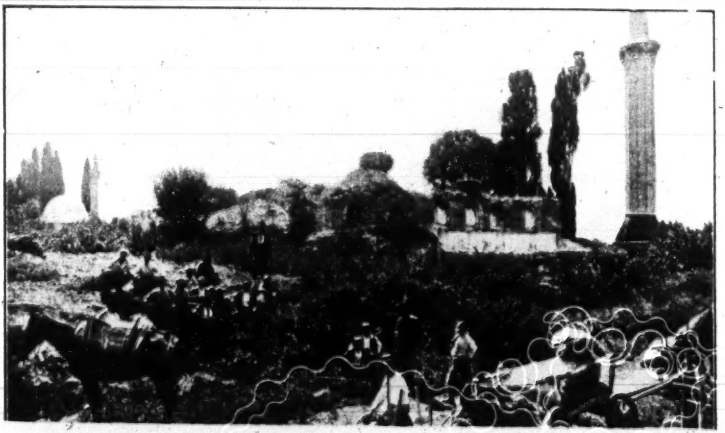
Walls by the lake.

Hadrian's Stambul, or North Gate.

At the Lesken Gate (Hadrian's work).

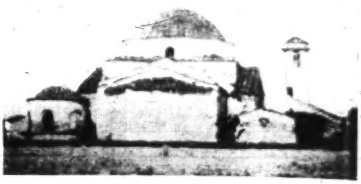


Traditional site of the palace by the lake walls in which the Council assembled.



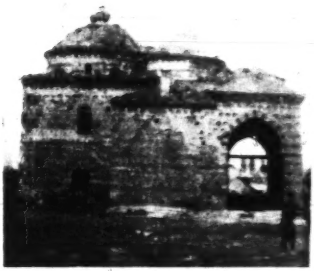
Ruins of the Church of St. Sophia.

The Green Mosque (left). Eshref Mosque (right).



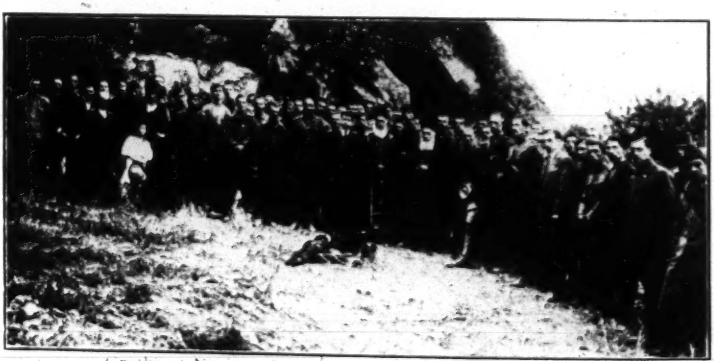
Tenth-century church of the Koimesis or "Mother of God," Wrecked by the Turks.

As the Turks left the Church of the Koimesis in 1920.



Imaret, the walls of which date from a very early period. Storks' nests on

View of the present city from the Leskeh Gate



Greeks at Nicæa—the Bishop of Nicæa (Basil) in the stole.

the Koimesis, that oasis in which the Liturgy had never ceased through all the dark centuries of Islam.

In September, 1920, Mustapha Kemal's minion, Djevad, caught the French napping, raided Nicæa, and butchered its 600 Christians atrociously—they shod the old priest with horse shoes and set Turkish lads to ride him through the street—only two little girls and one woman escaping. At the same time, they looted the Koimesis, firing their guns at its mosaics and hacking its eikons to shreds. When the British turned them out, the saintly old Bishop of Nicæa, Basil, found nothing but the dead bodies of his people piled one on the other in a cave just outside the *Lefkeh* Gate, and the shell of his old Cathedral Church.

There is no good book on Nicæa, but a good description of the Koimesis is to be had in a pamphlet by Bishop Basil, and an invaluable but ponderous volume, *Die Koimesis Kirche in Nicæa und ihre Mosaiken, Strassburg.*

A RECENT VISIT TO NICÆA.

A FRIEND of mine, more youthful and venturesome than I, had left Constantinople not long before on a trip across Asia Minor into Syria, and was determined to see Nicæa on his way. But when I received a mysterious doubly-registered letter with Turkish stamps I never guessed what its purport would be. He had found at Nicæa that the Mouhtar had the "epitaphion," or embroidered representation of Christ in the Tomb, which a Turkish soldier had looted from the destroyed Church of Our Lady and sold to him. This was offered to him for 200 liras (about £20), but not being able to spare the money in cash, in view of the long journey before him, he gave the Mouhtar a retainer of five liras and wrote and begged me to go there, hand over the cash, and bring back the relic.

I had always vowed I would never go further east than Constantinople, which I felt was my limit of endurance as to filth, discomfort, and general barbarity, but here was something from the church at the historic Nicæa, and 1925 was the sixteen-hundredth anniversary of the Council, and so I felt it ought to be done.

First came the question of route, and I was told to go by Brusa, where they said it was possible to get motor-cars and drive the fifty miles or so to Nicæa: then the police permit had to be secured. After this a friend who had experience and official knowledge drew an alarming picture of the dangers of the lonely road, and the madness of going all alone with a good sum of money on me and a complete ignorance of Turkish, and urged me to make sure that the Ambassador acquiesced before starting. However, the Embassy officials, who had just got back from Angora, seemed rather annoyed that I should have been made at all uneasy, and so at nine o'clock in the morning on the Eve of Lady Day I took the steamer for Mudania, finding, when afloat, that not a soul on board understood anything but Turkish. A police officer took away my permit, and explained in dumb show that I should get it back when I landed. This was at one o'clock, but it was a full hour before the train for Brusa started, the examination of permits taking all that time. It was with some misgiving that I found we were off without having received this very necessary official document, but all turned out right, as a policeman had boarded the train and distributed the permits on the way.

The train was crowded, but again not a single French-speaking person was to be found, and so I contented myself with newspapers and the thought that, as the terminus was Brusa, I had only to sit still until I could go no farther, for it should be realised that the names of stations in "Frank" letters have now been all obliterated. However, I had an unexpected reward for offering chocolate to the two Turks sitting opposite, who had heard the policeman ask if

I was going to Hotel Brotte (the only European one) and made me understand, when we stopped at a station *en route*, that I ought to get out there. Arrived at the hotel, which seemed rather stuffy and dingy, I got my first shock when the French-speaking waiter (a Jew from Adrianople) said it was impossible to get farther than Yeni-Shehir by motor-car or carriage, and that beyond there I should have to go on horseback for four hours. I was not equipped for riding. It promised to be really wet next day; I should have to pass the night at Nicæa and could not take a change of raiment under such conditions. Also, I had never learnt to ride. My attempts to do so when a boy on the only animal we possessed (a large carriage-horse) having ended in a rooted preference for a bicycle, so that I knew it would be four hours of misery, and another four on the way back the following day. However, I felt it would have to be done somehow, but luckily I found that after all it was possible to get a conveyance at Yeni-Shehir that would take me on, and so I was able to start early next morning in comfort with my suit-case. I was advised that I should be less conspicuous if I wore a fez, and I found it very comfortable but for a tendency to ride back at every jolt, and on a Turkish road the jolts are reminiscent of a telegraphic machine being operated in a nightmare. It had been pouring with rain all night, and there was a nasty wet drizzle when we started, so the roads were worse than ever, and in one place where a piece had been mended a dwarf wall had been built right across to force all traffic to turn off into the fields at the side. This meant dropping down a steep bank three or four feet high, and I began to think the car would never get up again when we stuck in the sticky clay repeatedly. But after the seven or so attempts of Bruce's spider we just managed it and I was landed at Yeni-Shehir rather sooner than had been promised.

Here I ate sandwiches in a dirty café (readers who don't know the East must not conjure up visions of the somewhat dirty places in France called by the same name, which are comparatively Eldorados), while a conveyance was secured to cover the rest of the way. This was a "talika"—a kind of wagon without seats and a low curved top. You climb in through a hole in the side and are supposed to sit cross-legged on the floor: this my legs refused to do, and to sit for long with your knees up to your chin produces a nasty spinal jar, and while you can lean your back against the side you must either keep your head stuck forward or have it continually knocking against the hard wood. The better kind of talika is fitted with a mattress, but this one had nothing but sacking that kept "rucking up." The track began as a ploughed field and developed into a river-bed, and when it wasn't either it was the two mixed. Sometimes it was on the edge of a precipice with awkward corners, and when the driver had nearly succeeded in pitching the whole caboodle

over the edge sideways, by getting the inner wheel over a boulder a foot high, and the outer one on the extreme edge in his effort to avoid the former, he would look round at me with a merry grin for approval of his cleverness, while I cogitated on the fact that if our unstable equilibrium *had* been upset there would have been no possibility of my jumping clear, but down I should have gone in my cage. On the whole the scenery between Brusa and Nicæa is not unlike that of the Low Peak district of my native county of Derby, though my opportunity of observation was bad—you can't see much from a talika, and my motor-car was covered in owing to the rain.

At last Nicæa, at the eastern end of the beautiful lake of the same name, could be seen in the distance, or rather the square plan of the ancient walls, but it was another hour before we finally rattled through the massive triple gateway, only half ruined, the roadway beneath it reminding you of a very dirty and badly-kept farmyard. The village inside, if it can be called so, is nothing but a collection of sordid hovels, far worse than I expected. With a rather sinking heart I asked for Ibrahim Effendi (everybody in Turkey is an Effendi) the Muchtar, and found that he was one of the knot of men busily sitting doing nothing at my elbow as I alighted. Although he knew quite well what I had come for he was not effusive, and afterwards I found out why. Then I asked for the "Han," and was dismayed to find that, although new-built, it was just a dirty café like any in the back streets of a Constantinople slum, with a couple of rooms above it, the only difference being that it had no floor but was just built on the earth. There I left my bag and went off to do my deal with Ibrahim. He had told my friend that I must arrive before Ramazan, or he would not be able to do business, but although the fast had begun that very day he showed no hesitation of any kind, except that he demanded 25 liras (two pound ten) more than he had agreed with my friend. Of course he knew I shouldn't come all that way and go back with nothing, and so had the whip hand, but he evidently expected me to bargain and possibly spend the whole of the next day doing so, and it is a good example of the "honesty" of the simple country Turk. However, the blood that runs in my veins has never known what haggling is, and besides, my one and only idea was to do what I'd come for and clear out as quickly as could be, and so the extra extortion was paid (like Abraham buying the cave of Macpelah from Ephron the Hittite) and the treasure wrapped up in newspaper and delivered into Christian hands on Lady Day, 1925, having been the property of Our Lady's Church until the Greek evacuation. The church itself is now nothing but a heap of tiles and dust, though the foundations are still there. The Church of St. Sophia was turned into a mosque long ago, and has also long been roofless, but

the walls and the minaret still stand. On the site of the altar is a little blacksmith's furnace, and round the apse hang bundles of tobacco-leaf to dry. The small mosque is untouched and now in use.

I offered a French-speaking Turk, who represented a tobacco company, and acted as my dragoman, a supper with me at the Han, and although the conditions were such that I thought it lucky I got through without being sick, the food itself was not bad, or I was desperately hungry. The place was crowded with men of the "hamal" type, who eyed me curiously, and the Ramazan drummer came in, gave us an obligato and solo, and asked for baksheesh, and my friend ordered a narghileh for himself, which I found I had to pay for. As soon as I decently could I withdrew to "bed." A bed there certainly was, with a mattress, a quilt and a flat bolster, but I didn't dare to take off more than boots, coat and waistcoat, and collar, and so I lay down as I was on top of the quilt rather than under it, and put a couple of rugs of my own over me. There was a very strong smell of stale tobacco, dirt and unwashed humanity mixed, but in spite of that and the babel of voices below that went on half the night because of Ramazan, and a continuous itching which must be credited to some kind of insect, I fell asleep in an hour or two from sheer fag and did not wake until six o'clock next morning, when I was surprised to find from the comparative freshness of the air that the smell overnight must have been chiefly the fumes from below filtering through the chinks of the floor. I discovered the day before that Turkish arrangements for washing are rather awkward. There was a basin-like sink on the landing, with a perforated bottom, and an urn filled with water having a very small-bore tap that let it out in a trickle too slight to fill your sponge. I had to wait my turn in the morning with men occupying the other room. Then, having made myself some cocoa in a small slop-basin, and paid my bill, which was nearly as much as at the Brusa hotel, I was only too thankful to crawl into the wretched talika again and be off. A young Jew, who spoke a little French, had previously informed me that he was going to Brusa that day, and as we drove off the driver called him, and he tumbled in without any leave from me. I now began to find out that the only way to avoid the jar was to lie full length, so I arranged my suit-case at a slope in the carrier at the back, and put my overcoat upon it to rest my head, although at times the jolts were bad enough to make it dance in the air.

When Yeni-Shehir was reached again, the motor-car, although the driver had offered to spend the night there and take me back, had disappeared, and there was nothing for it but to go on the whole way in the same talika. After eating sandwiches in the stable-room off the yard, and being asked mildly if I was a *giaiour*, the same horses were put in again, and I had the modified satisfaction of being told I should get to Brusa that night. After another three hours'

shaking the horses were watered at the half-way village and, no doubt, a second kindly arrangement was made at my expense, as, though all was ready, we didn't start. I asked the Jew why, and he looked uncomfortable and said he didn't know. Then the driver called out "Hassan," and a great strapping soldier came running and scrambled in on top of me. Apparently he expected me to make room to accommodate him, but this was about the limit, and his being a soldier made me all the more angry. I pushed him out, but he tried to force his way in, and evidently thought a man in uniform (one of "our noble Turkish heroes") could ride roughshod over anybody. When he saw I was determined he glared murder at me, and I thought I was in for trouble, as he was the one and only representative of law and order for twenty miles or so. However, a firm front does wonders in the East, as most Orientals are cowards at bottom, and he contented himself with angrily demanding my passport. This I showed him, and he wanted to take it, but I took care not to let him, but held it in front of his eyes and showed him back and front. I thought I was going to be taken to the Caracol and held up for hours or even for the night, but he thought better of it and I shook him off.

We reached Brusa after dark, but just in time for dinner at the hotel, which now seemed a Paradise, but the waiter told me it would be quite impossible for me to leave next day, as it was too late to get the police *visa*. Next morning he gave me the further cheering information that, as it was Friday and Ramazan, I shouldn't be able to get it that day and should have to stay till Sunday. I had visions of telegraphing to my licensed Reader, but determined to do everything possible first, and found that if I sent to the house of the Chief of Police in the afternoon he might be persuaded to do what was necessary. This was right out of the town, and it took a man four or five hours to get it, but the thing was done, and at 7.30 next morning I was in the Mudania train and reached Constantinople on Saturday afternoon, so that the Church was not deprived of its full services after all.

I have not yet been able to get an expert to date the epitaphion, but the groundwork is crimson and the embroidery mostly silver, and it has been suggested that it is Cretan workmanship. The inscription puzzled me, but when I realised that it was wrongly spelt the difficulty vanished, so I give it as it stands, and those who know the living pronunciation of Greek will not rank it with cross-word puzzles.

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ΑΗΟCΤΟΛΑΚΙ ΜΝΗCΘΗΚΗΡΙЄ.

R. F. Borough.

Chaplain, Crimean Memorial Church,
Constantinople.

TIKHON, PATRIARCH OF RUSSIA. R.I.P.

THE Christian East (Vol. II, Nos. 2, 3; Vol. IV, Nos. 2, 4, Vol. V, No. 1) has given to its readers the fullest information which has appeared in the English Press about the glorious life of His Holiness the Patriarch Tikhon up to the middle of the year 1923. It remains only to add a few words about his life since that time, and especially about his untimely death. Full details are not available yet, and a certain amount of the information to hand cannot be published.

We cannot know all the details of the history of the so-called " recantation " of the Patriarch Tikhon, but we know for certain that the Patriarch Tikhon was not afraid to lose his life standing for his faith in the Church, and we know for certain that he was promised by the Bolsheviks that, in the event of his signing any document modifying his previous attitude, he would be given complete freedom not only personally, but also (which was most important for the Patriarch) complete freedom to arrange the administration of the Orthodox Church in Russia. He was promised that after his " recantation " all the thousands of bishops and clergy languishing in the prisons and in exile would be returned to their flocks, and that the persecution of the Faith and the clergy would be stopped.

This glorious picture painted by the Bolshevists probably deceived the Patriarch, and he signed the documents prepared by Bolshevist hands. He was liberated, but the Bolshevists never intended to yield any facilities to arrange the administration of the Church or to abate their bitter persecution of the Christian Faith and the Church. Their idea was to discredit the Patriarch before his faithful flock and surround him with such nets as would not leave him any freedom for carrying out the good things promised to him. When the Patriarch was liberated he was naturally surrounded by the bishops and the priests who remained faithful to him during his imprisonment, and from them the Patriarch wished to form the patriarchal and diocesan administration. He was greatly disappointed when within a month all these faithful clergy were arrested by the Bolshevists and either imprisoned or exiled. From the very few who remained in Moscow he formed the administration, but the Bolsheviks, who professed that they did not want to interfere with matters of the Faith, immediately laid hands on the newly-formed administration, and the notorious member of the Moscow Chéka, Toochkov, assumed the rôle of Procurator, and not a single sitting of the Synod could be held without his presence or the presence of some other member of the Chéka. Thus if the Patriarch wanted to pass any measure, that measure must necessarily be

shaking the horses were watered at the half-way village and, no doubt, a second kindly arrangement was made at my expense, as, though all was ready, we didn't start. I asked the Jew why, and he looked uncomfortable and said he didn't know. Then the driver called out "Hassan," and a great strapping soldier came running and scrambled in on top of me. Apparently he expected me to make room to accommodate him, but this was about the limit, and his being a soldier made me all the more angry. I pushed him out, but he tried to force his way in, and evidently thought a man in uniform (one of "our noble Turkish heroes") could ride roughshod over anybody. When he saw I was determined he glared murder at me, and I thought I was in for trouble, as he was the one and only representative of law and order for twenty miles or so. However, a firm front does wonders in the East, as most Orientals are cowards at bottom, and he contented himself with angrily demanding my passport. This I showed him, and he wanted to take it, but I took care not to let him, but held it in front of his eyes and showed him back and front. I thought I was going to be taken to the Caracol and held up for hours or even for the night, but he thought better of it and I shook him off.

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approved by the Bolsheviks in order to be carried into effect, and the Bolsheviks used this position of affairs in order to discredit the Patriarch. They began to demand from him the introduction of various measures calculated to irritate the faithful population. Thus they demanded that the Patriarch should order prayers for the Bolshevist authorities in the churches. The Patriarch had to yield, but the measure was not carried into effect for the simple reason that the faithful wished to have nothing to do with the Bolshevist authorities and did not mention them in their prayers. The Bolshevists insisted on the Patriarch introducing the New Style (Kalendar). The Patriarch, being misinformed about the introduction of the New Style by various Eastern patriarchs, ordered its introduction in Russia. Fortunately, before the order came out of the Press he received correct information about the position of things in the East, and countermanded the order. The Bolshevists were furious, but could do nothing with the Patriarch. One thing they could do, namely, arrest all the patriarchal administration and exile some of its members from Moscow. Being unsuccessful in their attempts to destroy the love of the people for their Patriarch, they started working among the faithful clergy, inviting certain members to form a "True Conservative Orthodox Church," dis-associated from the Patriarchal Church, which, according to them, was under the Bolshevist influence. It is a pleasure to say that not a single bishop was tempted to go against the Patriarch and in this matter the Bolshevists failed, too. Being unable to harm the Patriarch in this way, they thought of another plan. The so-called "Living Church" had by that time ended its inglorious existence, and in place of it rose another so-called "Church of the Renovators," supported by Bolshevists who wanted to introduce elements of disruption into the Orthodox Church. A number of clergy joined that "Church"—some because they honestly believed that the Bolshevists were willing to help the life of the Church, so long as the Church recognised the Bolshevist power; others because they were broken down by the Bolshevik persecutions and could not stand it any longer and wanted to have some kind of rest; and lastly, by a very few who wanted to do the devilish Bolshevik work. This "Church," although having clergy, had no flock. The Bolshevists began to insist that the Patriarch should recognise this new "Church" and unite with them, thus forming one Russian Church with one administration. In order to make that easier, the Bolshevists instructed the chief members of the Church of the Renovators to renounce all their extreme principles, and a certain number of persons who would be absolutely unacceptable to the Patriarch were also removed from their administration of that "Church." A few members of that "Church" publicly recognised their fault and were re-admitted to Communion by the

THE LATE PATRIARCH TIKHON.

THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN MICHAEL OF SERBIA.

Михаил
Архиепископ Београдски и
Митрополит Српски

Patriarch, but the " Church " as a whole could not be accepted by the Patriarch and he flatly refused to have anything to do with them. The Bolshevist idea was that, on forming the united Church, the members of the Church of the Renovators, having behind them the civil power of the Bolshevists, would soon take a prominent part and would appeal to the Patriarch to convene the All Russia Council, by which the Patriarch would be deposed.

Seeing that they were not successful in this plan, they decided to remove the Patriarch in some way or other and, as they could not do it openly, they had to have recourse to hired assassins. On the 21st October, 1924, when the Patriarch was celebrating the Liturgy in one of the Moscow churches, the first attempt was made on his life. This was not successful only because the would-be assassins had mistaken the Metropolitan Peter for the Patriarch. The attempt, however, although unsuccessful, greatly told on the health of the Holy Father, who for a considerable time could not recover from the shock which he had received and which increased the attacks of asthma from which he suffered. Soon afterwards there was another attempt on his life, and this time it took place actually in the rooms occupied by the Patriarch. Again Providence saved the life of the Head of the Russian Church. His servant, hearing suspicious noises outside the door, went out to see what was there, and was shot down, being taken in the darkness for the Patriarch. Lastly, there was the third attempt made on his life. The Patriarch went to pray on the grave of his faithful servant and there an unknown man tried to shoot him. The two bullets were miraculously diverted from the Patriarch who was kneeling on the grave, and the assassin, seeing that the bullets did not take effect, got frightened and ran away. The constitution of the Patriarch, being by that time completely undermined, could not stand the strain any longer, and he had to be removed to the private hospital where he finally found his end.

We cannot say definitely what caused the death of the Patriarch, but one thing we may state, that there are few people in Russia who do not believe that his death was due to poison administered by iniquitous hands. Thus, summing up the life of the Patriarch after his liberation from prison, it may be described as a continuous martyrdom, not only spiritual but also physical, and one cannot help wondering that a frail man such as the Patriarch was could stand that awful strain even for that time. The Patriarch is recognised all over the world as a Confessor of the Faith. Probably when we know the details of his untimely death we shall also see that he is also a martyr.

B. TIMOTHEIEFF.

A Panegyric upon the Patriarch Tikhon delivered by Canon J. A. Douglas, Ph.D., at the Requiem for His Holiness in St. Matthias, Earl's Court, at Noon, Friday, April 24th, 1925.

"Remember them which have rule over you; who have spoken unto you the Word of God; whose faith follow, remembering the end of their conversation—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever." So quoted our beloved Archbishop of Canterbury in the wonderful letter which, being by absence far from London and precluded from "seeing them face to face," he addressed the mourning Russian community of London on our Easter Sunday, when it held a Pannychidi for its beloved Patriarch. We of the world-wide Anglican Confession have not yet achieved that full union and intercommunion with our Eastern Orthodox brethren for which we and they long and labour, and which is impossible except on the basis of complete dogmatic agreement. None the less, we feel that the Apostolic injunction to the Hebrews is for us. The Patriarch Tikhon held rule over our brethren of Russia and held it most faithfully under bitter trial and persecution. They are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh in the Great Family of Christ, the Catholic Church of God—we know that fact instinctively—and we thank God for their noble Patriarch's wondrous witness to the Gospel of the Crucified and know that they regard our "remembering Him" in these our solemn mysteries of the Altar to be no intrusion. And, assuredly, we could not do otherwise than render the Holy Sacrifice in Eucharist for his witness to the Faith, and in sure and certain hope that he is now receiving from Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, that reward for his faithful stewardship which passes human speech and understanding.

Of his earlier life the facts are well known to the world. As a simple village lad he won the esteem, nay, the admiration, of the simple people in the parish of Pskov, of which his father was the diligent priest. Perchance the talent with which God had entrusted him was neither that of the exceptional intellect nor of the masterful genius. But—and therein we find the hall-mark of that saintship which we attribute to him—those who knew him best, even in childhood, in the intimacies of daily life, recognised him as a "chosen vessel" of God's purpose.

For his goodness and his piety his fellow students at Kholm named him "the patriarch." In the true Apostolic succession of burning faith, unshakable, of dauntless courage, unswerving and of tender charity, altogether self-dedicating, he will be canonised not among the saints of master brains but among those of master souls. In other days he might well have lived and laboured a pastor of pastors, healing with love reverent and pitiful the bodies and souls

of his people, making them also Christ-like by his homely, lowly example. The Divine Will was otherwise. In the term of the solemn declaration issued by the Holy Synod of the Œcumenical Throne, and acclaimed with eager consent by all Christendom, he was called to be a Confessor. To appraise the glorious steadfastness of the witness which he gave passes our speech. He had been of those who, wise by intuition, and conscious that the future of Russia depended on the revival of her Patriarchate, laboured twenty years ago for that great restoration. In the manner in which Blessed Matthias was added to the number of the Apostles by the drawing of a lot, so the Holy Confessor Tikhon was summoned to that Throne of Moscow which, in a warfare that no human foresight dreamed, is proving an instrument of Russia's salvation.

> "God worketh not as man hath thought,
> And what man thinks not, God hath wrought;
> So hath each tale an ending."

Strange and almost past human comprehension is it, indeed, that, in November, 1917, the gentle pastor should have been chosen and enthroned in the Kremlin to the triumphant guns and blasphemy of the Atheist. Marvellous and comparable with the endurance of any martyr, save that of the Great Martyr, his and our Captain and Saviour, has been the record of his seven years' rule, and of the unflinching resistance to Bolshevik war upon Religion.

We here in the security of free and happier England, led by our Archbishop, have watched and wondered and have striven with our prayers and with the little other support that we could give to hold up his hands. In prison with broken health, assailed continually with shrewd, clever devices, terrorised, isolated from his every friend and counsellor, deprived even of the comfort of the Blessed Sacrament, he held to the post of his duty and refused by abdicating it to disintegrate the Russian Church which, with its machinery shattered by the Red Terror and its people persecuted and perplexed, cohered, save for the Christ, in his person alone.

Read the horrid record of the Dragonnades and bloodshed, of the many scores of bishops, the tens of thousands of priests, the hundreds of thousands of faithful laity martyred in a persecution wider and more cruel than that of Nero or Diocletian, and then learn with bowed heads and thankful hearts the lesson of the agony of his large and tender heart as he bore the torture of the knowledge of the sufferings of the flock for which he would have gladly died, but whose temporal safety he would not purchase by their scattering.

His strength was to sit still—and God gave him that strength—with confidence, until the turning point of the battle was passed, two years ago and the old Easter pledge was again fulfilled, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

You will remember how, in May, 1923, that very "world" rose in admiring wrath, and his persecutors were compelled to give him back on his own terms to the people who loved, nay, adored, him with the gratitude rendered to the leader of their deliverance from worse than physical death. By God's goodness he had been the chosen instrument for the preservation of the Russian Church from disintegration and the soul of the Russian nation from contamination for the great calling in the Kingdom of Christ upon earth.

The Atheist army has not prevailed against the Church.

And so he has entered upon that rest which God gives to His beloved. How his flock over there in Russia and here in London grieve that his bodily presence is no longer given them to be their centre of sympathy and inspiration, we can but faintly guess. Even with the wise provision which he has made for the rule of the Russian Church until the Red distress is past and gone we know something of their grave and pressing anxiety for the future. Here we would only say that our heart and our efforts and our prayers are wholly with them. Their sorrow is our sorrow, their hope our hope, their glory in their saint our glory.

In the days that are and that are coming there, where in Christ's purging, loving Hand, he receives those good things past understanding which God stores up for His elect, he will be in a more wondrous sense the means of their consolation, comfort and inspiration and, by his intercession, will work efficaciously for them and upon them, as he worked in the silent, terrible cell of the Tcheka in the years of his Confession.

I would close these unworthy words with those of our own loved Archbishop, who sympathised with so intimately and understood so well his Russian brother's duty, needs and sufferings, and laboured most generously and nobly to support, relieve and protect him.

He wrote to Father Timotheieff on April 12th as follows:—

Lambeth Palace.

DEAR FATHER TIMOTHEIEFF,

I am anxious to convey to you and to those who are associated with you in England the assurance of our deepest sympathy in the bereavement which has fallen upon the Church by the departure from this life of the venerated and beloved Patriarch to whose example we owe so much.

You know well how large a place the Patriarch has held in our thoughts and prayers and efforts during recent years.

The quiet dignity with which he has borne his trials and the consistent example which he has given of how a brave servant of Christ should comport himself in face of ceaseless anxiety, grave privation, and frequent dangers have secured for the Patriarch

an abiding place in " the noble army of martyrs," who have witnessed for Christ among men.

In quiet confidence I would recall to your minds the Apostolic injunction—" Remember them which have rule over you: who have spoken unto you the Word of God; whose faith follow, remembering the end of their conversation—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and for ever."

It is a grief to me that I should be spending Easter at a great distance from London and am therefore unable to see you face to face at this time and to share in your remembrance of our brother and in your thanksgiving for his beautiful and faithful life My chaplain is representing me at your service held to-day.

I remain with warm regard,

Yours faithfully in Our Lord Jesus Christ,

RANDALL CANTUAR.

The following is a copy of the letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Metropolitan Eulogios :—

YOUR GRACE,

My official representative, Father Timotheieff, has personally communicated to me the truly Christian and comforting letter which Your Grace has addressed to him in the matter of the death of our deeply beloved Patriarch, the most venerated and holy Tikhon of Moscow.

That letter has stirred me, and with me the Russian Community of Paris, to the heart by its profound sincerity and sentiment, and, as the Chief Bishop of the Russian Parishes of Western Europe, I hasten to express to Your Grace the renewed and enduring obligation which I and my brother bishops with all faithful Russians feel to you for your noble words as well as for the unfailing brotherly and unceasing efforts you have made successfully during the sad but glorious years of our departed Confessor's martyrdom to relieve the persecution to which he was subjected and to preserve his life.

May God grant His blessing to you and to the Church of England, the mind of which, in this as in all matters, Your Grace has so clearly represented.

Believe me, Your Grace,

Your Brother in Christ and affectionate servant,

(*Signed*) METROPOLITAN EULOGIOS.

I am communicating Your Grace's letter to the Metropolitan Antony of Kiev and my brother bishops.

THE PRESENT DANGER TO THE ŒCUMENICAL PATRIARCHATE.

A speech delivered by the Lord Bishop of London at University College, London, on March 17th, 1925.

MY Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen: We welcome this immense gathering; we welcome the presence of Archbishop Germanos, and we also welcome especially the presence of so many Russian prelates to support their brethren.

I thought it right for me to read the letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, because he has taken such a prominent part in this whole question. (Applause.) His letter to me, which His Grace meant to be read to the meeting, is as follows:—

> "You well know how eagerly interested I am in the meeting over which you will preside to-morrow with reference to the Œcumenical Patriarchate. I am certain that we ought to let it be everywhere understood that the Church of England attaches the very greatest importance to the position of the venerable Patriarchal See, and that we ought to use all the influence in our power to avert the disaster of its losing its status, its dignity, and its opportunity of exercising Christian influence among those nationalities of Eastern Europe over which its jurisdiction—formal or informal—has been exercised for some sixteen centuries." (Applause.)

I want to make it clear that this meeting has been arranged with no propagandist object, but to call attention to an extraordinary series of blunders, by which three things have happened, or are likely to happen. First of all, it appears probable that an unparalleled act of vandalism, of which, in the words of Lord Curzon, the mention in 1923 "shocked the conscience of the civilised world," will be perpetrated by the extinction of the second-oldest great Christian institution in the world. Secondly, that a blow to Eastern Christianity which may well cause its disintegration and prepare the way for the spread of Bolshevik Atheism may be inflicted in the same way, and, thirdly, that a very cruel injustice may be done to those Christians who have been allowed to remain in New Turkey—that is, to the long-suffering Greeks and Armenians of Constantinople.

I have spoken frequently in severe criticism of the present *régime* in Turkey, and of its handling of the Christian minorities. I can hardly trust myself again to say what I feel on that matter. I was asked, when I was there in Salonica days, whether I was a "bag

and baggage" man. I said, "I am, and shall be." (Applause.) I personally have watched the Turkish rule from close quarters, and I am certain it has been a curse to Europe for 500 years. The misrule in Palestine and the enslavement of 30,000 Armenian girls and women who are still in slavery in the harems are a disgrace to Europe. And as to the sack of Smyrna, which continued actually in the face of the British Fleet—and I heard from an eye-witness that the cries of the women and children were heard for three days without stopping—that is an abomination which we must absolutely protest against while we live. (Applause.) While I say that because I feel I must "let off steam," I think there would be no purpose in alluding to those matters, specially now. The Christian name, except the small remnant in Constantinople, has been extirpated from its ancient homelands in Asia Minor. The many hundred thousands who are dead cannot be brought to life, and the remnant have been expelled with the consent of Europe and America. The memory of those things had better be skinned with a scar of forgetfulness as soon as possible, and the greatest friend of the Turk should be eager to see that the three wrongs, which are at present threatening and which it is almost certain the Turks do not realise themselves, should not be inflicted upon the conscience of civilisation. (Applause.)

To explain: Since the Council of Chalcedon in 451, the Patriarchate of Constantinople has held by the 28th Canon of that famous Œcumenical Council an equal place, though second in dignity, with the other four ancient Patriarchates of Rome, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. The predecessors of the present Patriarch include St. John Chrysostom, St. Gregory the Nazianzene, the learned Photios, and many others whose writings are of first importance in patristic literature. In fact, the Œcumenical Patriarchate really dates, if not from the Apostle Andrew, at least from the foundation of Constantinople as New Rome in 326 by Constantine the Great. The wonderful Church of St. Sophia, built by Justinian in 535—and I always feel we ought to have had that Church back—(applause)—it is one of the most terrible mistakes we ever made, in letting the Turks get up again when they were once on their knees—the wonderful Church of St. Sophia, as well as its predecessor built by Constantine the Great about 330, was consecrated by the predecessor of His All Holiness Constantine VI., the present Œcumenical Patriarch. A story which is possibly *ben trovato* is current in the Near East to-day; it runs that the leader of the Nationalist Turks, Mustapha Kemal, when asked to arrange for the preservation of St. Sophia—which is threatened like our own St. Paul's with collapse—replied: "The sooner it falls the better; we shall then be able to forget that until our day Constantinople remained a Christian city." That the Œcumenical Patriarchate should be destroyed would be an act of vandalism on the part of the civilisation

that allowed its destruction as great as suffering the peerless shrine built by Anthemius to collapse.

As the Archbishop of Canterbury himself has observed in Convocation, there is an extraordinary resemblance between the Anglican and the Orthodox Churches. Just as the Anglican Communion consists of many Churches which are autocephalous—that is, independent of any authority on earth except that of an Œcumenical Council of the whole Church—but which all accept as *primus inter pares* the Mother Church of Canterbury, and regard the Archbishop of Canterbury as the central figure in precedence and for initiative of the whole great Anglican community, so to-day the whole of the vast Orthodox Communion, which includes the Churches of Russia, Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Albania, and very many Arab-speaking Syrians and Egyptians, is in the truest sense supra-national, coheres in its Mother Patriarchal See of Constantinople, and regards the Œcumenical Patriarchate as its centre. (Applause.) Imagine the effect in the Anglican Communion of the destruction of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and you will not then imagine the effect of the destruction of the Œcumenical Patriarchate, for we Anglicans are all English-speaking and of one culture; but in the Orthodox Church there are many nationalities and cultures blended, and although the claims of the Patriarch are in no way to be compared with the claims of the Papacy, the effect would be more comparable to the result upon the Roman Catholic Church of the destruction of the Papacy. At the present time, as has been evidenced in a book recently noticed in *The Morning Post*—"An Assault on Heaven"—there is a determined and systematic attempt to destroy all Christian organisations in order that the work of the Bolshevik Atheism may be made possible. We have seen the attempt on the Patriarch Tikhon and the Russian Church. I do not put the devout Moslem on the same level as the frankly atheistic Bolshevist. None the less, the endeavours of the many Bolshevik Caucasians who work for an alliance between Moscow and Angora, together with the present uprising in the east of Turkey, is full proof that the attack on the Patriarchate is motived at least as much by the hatred of Christianity as by Turkish Nationalism or Xenophobia. (Hear, hear.)

Accepting the fact that only 200,000 Greeks and 60,000 Armenians of Constantinople may remain in Turkey, it follows that they must have their religious advantages, or suffer an intolerable injustice. What I have to say applies as much to the Armenians and the Armenian Patriarchate, which the Turkish anti-religious Press openly declares is to follow the expelled Khalifate and Œcumenical Patriarchate, as it does to the Greeks and to the Greek Patriarchate. In many ways the two causes are one, and I rejoice to know that in the common suffering of their martyrdom the Orthodox and Armenian Churches are being drawn very closely together. (Applause.)

I desire here to make a protest against the great misuse of the word "political." It has been said repeatedly that the Œcumenical Patriarchate is a nest of intrigue, and it has been termed a "political institution." A careful study of Turkish history since 1453, when Mahommed III. conquered Constantinople and destroyed the Roman Empire of the East, reveals that there is not one single example of the Œcumenical Patriarchate interfering in politics, save only between the years 1918 and 1923, when the British and French flags flew over the city, and the utterances of British and French statesmen made the whole world sure that the Christians of Turkey would never again be placed at the mercy of the Turkish Government. Alas! how they have been betrayed! Cyril Lucar was indeed strangled in the 17th century, and Gregory V. was hanged on Easter Day, 1821, outside his own Church by order of the Sultan; but it is now admitted that the charge of intriguing with Europe urged against the former was whispered by ecclesiastical intriguers (Jesuits) and that the latter was opposed to the great Greek Revolution and was punished on the Oriental principle of revenging the sins of the members upon the Head. In regard to the term "political institution," in those political functions which were taken away from the Patriarchate by the Treaty of Lausanne, there never was a more nonsensical misuse of good English, and how Venizelos allowed the term to be applied I cannot understand. By Mahommed the Prophet's own strict ordinance, the Ottoman Moslem law ordains that all Christians must be given the free use of their religion in its widest sense, that is, be allowed to have their own education, schools, etc., their own charities, to marry, and to make their wills according to Christian and not Moslem law. We ourselves throughout the British Empire allow all considerable Moslem Minorities, such as those in India, etc., the same privileges. Indeed, to do otherwise would be not only a cruel persecution, but would be foolish in the extreme. Christians could not administer Moslem law; for how could a Moslem polygamist be tried on the principles of a monogamist European country or a Christian child be brought up in a school (for all Turkish schools are conducted on Moslem laws and Islam, by the second Article of its Constitution, is the religion of the New Turkey) which breathes the atmosphere of the Moslem faith without cruel injustice? A comparison with English life and thought cannot be made. Here we do not mind what a man's religion is—he may be anything or nothing, and yet a good Englishman. But in the East, where the *statuts personnels* and culture of the different races are the makers of their religion, the two cannot mix. (Hear, hear.) All the political functions of the Patriarch were, therefore, nothing but the presiding over the internal charities, education, and *statuts personnels* of the Christian communities. To-day in Constantinople, though nominally these political functions have been taken away,

the Armenian and Greek Patriarchs still preside over their people, and, if those peoples were deprived of their Patriarchs they would thus not only be left without their religious heads, but their whole life would be thrown into hopeless confusion and disaster.

Ismet Pasha announced in the name of Mustapha Kemal that he intended to expel the Greek and Armenian Patriarchates, and in consequence found himself in collision with Lord Curzon, the Serb and Roumanian representatives, and indeed the representative of every European country. He bowed to the storm and pledged Turkey to allow those two necessary institutions to remain. None the less, under some technical plea that the new Patriarch elected in December last was liable to be expelled in his individual capacity—I will not argue details of that kind—the Turkish Vali of Constantinople expelled the Œcumenical Patriarch most unceremoniously in January last. I desire to say now that, in our view, Europe should insist on the Patriarch being at any rate allowed to return, if he wishes to do so. It is altogether wrong that he should be deposed from his Cathedral seat. (Applause.) It is quite true that no less than 56 of his dioceses are lost through the extirpation of Christianity from the Turkish Dominions, and that the vast bulk of his people is now resident in Greece and other countries ; but to reconstitute an ancient institution, itself the centre of their complex life, as that of Eastern Christianity in another place must be a task of the greatest difficulty, though it may be possible. I claim, therefore, that civilisation is bound to insist that the Patriarch be allowed to return, and, if it is subsequently thought fit that he should not, that the absurd restriction that he must be a Turkish subject be removed, that a free election of any orthodox person canonically eligible be permitted, and that the League of Nations should take upon itself to see that the Patriarch's person and house are in future treated as inviolable except for proved misconduct. As illustration of how little it has been treated as inviolable I give the fact that the Codex of the Acts of the Holy Synod, and correspondence with the Patriarch of Serbia, with our own Archbishop of Canterbury, and with the heads of other Churches, were recently seized by the Turkish Police. There was nothing politically compromising in any of that correspondence, but the letters at least contained intimate and delicate opinions in regard to the common life of the Christian Churches.

Our meeting is a protest against the crowning act of insolence of the Turkish *régime*, which after 500 years has culminated in this act of vandalism ; we demand that the Patriarch should be allowed to return even if subsequently it be thought better for him to exercise his authority outside the Turkish Empire. (Loud applause.) I am now going to ask Canon Douglas to move a resolution.

Canon J. A. Douglas then moved, the Metropolitan of Thyatira, seconded, and Dr. Gennadios and the Hon. W. Pember Reeves supported

this resolution which was carried unanimously by the audience of over 500 people which packed the College Lecture Theatre :—

"That this meeting desires to draw the attention of His Majesty's Government and of the British Public to the great importance and significance of the Œcumenical Patriarchate, not only as the second most ancient, historic, and famous Ecclesiastical Institution in Christendom, but also as the primatial and central See of the great Orthodox Church, and waits with great anxiety the development of the crisis which at present appears to threaten its existence."

HISTORICAL SCHOLARSHIP AND THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

YOUR EMINENCE, REVEREND FATHERS, AND GENTLEMEN: My subject to-night is historical scholarship and the reunion of Christendom. It is not without emotion that I stand before you this evening. As we look at the world about us, it is hard to imagine a subject of greater importance than one connected with reunion. I think you will all agree with me that there is not one of the evils of our time which could not be better combated by a reunited universal church. As the historian looks back over the miseries and disasters of disunion, it is easy, humanly speaking, to understand why our blessed Lord prayed that we might be one.

My subject is not reunion in itself, but only the contribution that the historian can make towards it. I suppose that it is to Dr. Guilday's kind appreciation of my book on the Inquisition[1] that I owe the honour and privilege of talking to you to-night. When I began to go over the evidence on the Albigenses my view of that particular subject was, I suppose, the conventional view held outside of the communion of Rome.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

It was not long before I saw that the old-fashioned anti-Roman version of the matter was no longer tenable, and by the time I finished my work I was convinced that the present unhappy divisions of Christendom are wantonly embittered by masses of false history.

Before going any further, I want most emphatically to reject the idea that history can ever, in religious matters, be the final and authoritative judge. I think I understand the much-maligned phrase "The appeal to history is heresy," and if I understand it correctly then I am sure I agree with it. Faith and unfaith are equally capable of surviving their respective historical difficulties. Were my subject Christian evidences rather than reunion, it would be interesting and worth while to analyse some of the many historical difficulties of unbelief. For instance, there is the formidable difficulty created for themselves by those who deny that the first generation of Christians believed our Blessed Lord to have been incarnate God. But to-night I must be content to pass on, referring to it only in passing. My reason for speaking of it at all was merely to remind you that no evidence, particularly as to the distant past, is so strong that it can convince a hostile will.

But if, as I think, we are all agreed the historian can never be the final judge in matters of faith, it nevertheless remains true that he can be an advocate of enormous power: I should not be speaking

[1] *The Inquisition*, New York, 1924—a stirring book, valuable, and provocative of thought.—ED.

to you to-night did I not believe that his powerful advocacy has a great part to play in clearing the ground upon which the vast structure of reunion must be built. I can imagine no more useful preliminary task than to get rid of the historical errors which have arisen out of the so-called Reformation, and to reach common ground as to the causes and events of the Reformation itself.

For my own part, in so far as it divided western Christendom into more or less hostile fragments, I hold the Reformation to have been an unspeakable calamity. Division has produced partisanship and, in our own field as in every other, partisanship has wriggled itself here, there and everywhere into the writing of history.

The indirect effects of religious partisanship are too numerous for us even to enumerate them. They may be found in the thousand and one attempts to belittle tradition and to exalt whatever in the past was alien and hostile to our inherited culture. The anti-traditionalist historian (with his background of contempt for the Faith of his fathers) is always itching to make small and mean anything long held up to reverence. H. G. Wells sneering at Virgil is an amusing example. Charlie Chaplin might as well sneer at Michael Angelo.

Far more important than Wells is the historical school which has systematically distorted the history of the Dark and Middle Ages. These men in the German Universities, in Oxford, in America, and among the French anti-clericals, have put an imaginary conquest of the civilised Roman world by magnificent barbarians of Teutonic or Nordic race. They say that to these gorgeous creatures we owe the arts and institutions handed down to us by mediæval times. Finally, we owe to this superior race the sixteenth-century religious revolt and the happy, peaceful, contented, moral and altogether glorious modern world. It is necessary to their thesis to exaggerate our indebtedness to outsiders like the Saracens and Chinese. Until recently it was their fashion to dress up the repulsive Albigenses, with their cult of suicide and their hatred of the natural bodily pleasures, as sweet and innocent proto-protestants.

Fortunately it is not necessary for us to-night to expose these various myths. They are not advancing but retreating. The old theory of the Fall of the Roman Empire has not had a leg to stand on since the great Fustel de Coulanges demolished it more than thirty years ago. To-day it is easy to show that, except for a narrow strip of the southern and eastern coast of Britain, there were no successful invasions from the outer darkness of barbarism that surrounded the civilised Roman world. On the contrary, the men who took over the local government in the western provinces were the commanders of auxiliary forces in the Roman Army, men whose ambition was not to destroy the Empire but to rise to distinction within it. None of them ever made war upon an Emperor, except in the case of the

so-called Vandal Chieftain in Africa, and except for Alaric in his brief and pardonable mutiny when the Imperial Government inexcusably held up his pay. All of them, Vandals, Suevi, Visi-goths, Ostro-goths, Lombards, Burgundians, Franks, and so on, entered the Empire not as enemies but as auxiliary soldiers.

Furthermore, these armies were exceedingly small in numbers. Clovis the Frank, whose work was the most lasting of all, had less than 8,000 men at his back. Finally, there is no evidence to show that the auxiliary troop units, as they were moved here and there across the Empire, continued to be tribally recruited. On the contrary, the probability is that they were filled up with replacements from here, there and everywhere, exactly as the American units were in France. Since Fustel, the idea that the auxiliaries of the Roman decline could make any definite racial contribution to the provinces in which they finally settled is grotesque.

To-day the effect of his work is spreading even into elementary text-books. One by one, the old Teutonic claims disappear. For instance, I take up the text-book history of the Middle Ages by Professor Munro of Princeton, that Presbyterian citadel, and on page 59 I rejoice to read that " There was no fall, but only a gradual evolution into a new form; no contemporary ever doubted the continued existence of the Roman Empire " ! If I turn to the book on " Representative Government " recently published by our distinguished President, Professor Ford, I find the fable of the Teutonic origin of representative government so thoroughly exposed that it ought never to recover. He might have carried the war even further into Africa if he had enlarged on the fact that representation in secular government first appears in one of the most un-Teutonic districts in Europe, the region of the Pyrenees.

Consider now the exaggeration of the debt our ancestors owed to the alien. That, too, is being corrected. I take two random instances. Professor Haskins, of Harvard, in his recent book on " Mediæval Science," has brought out the fact that Moslem Spain did indeed play a part in transmitting the manuscripts of Aristotle to western Christendom, but that Christian Constantinople did so as well. It used to be fashionable to ascribe the invention of gunpowder to the Orientals. But now Colonel Hime of the British Army, the latest writer on the subject, in his book on the " Origin of Artillery," has disproved the various eastern stories, and is inclined to restore the credit to Roger Bacon, the thirteenth-century Oxford Franciscan. I repeat that in general the anti-traditional view of history is not advancing, but retreating.

So far this evening we have been considering religious partisanship only in its indirect effects upon the writing of history. I now propose to examine its direct effects. These differ from the indirect in that the latter are in a fair way to correction through the mere advance

in historical science, whereas the former—that is the direct effects of religious partisanship—are longer-lived because they are more closely connected with religious conviction. Their consideration is, therefore, the most delicate part of our task. I submit that the difficulty of reaching common historical ground as to the causes, characters and events of the so-called Reformation is one of the most important of the preliminary difficulties in the way of reunion.

Whereas the indirect effects of the Reformation upon historical study, such as the imaginary "Nordic" conquest of the Roman Empire, are varieties of *suggestio falsi*; in the study of the Reformation the difficulty is one of emphasis and proportion—so hard it is to avoid an unintentional *suppressio veri*.

The reason why it is hard is because all of us to-day tend to emphasise the permanent effects of the sixteenth-century revolt, and to neglect its causes. We think of it as the producer of national and local churches, of division, sub-division, and the super-sub-division in religion. We think of it as the result of doctrinal innovations—salvation by faith, predestination or what not. Only by making an effort to see the movement as it looked to its contemporaries, and by testing our historical imagination to see whether it corresponds with the Protestant temper as it exists to-day, only thus, I say, can we begin to see the thing as it really was.

I have said that the Reformation was an unspeakable calamity in so far as it divided western Christendom into hostile fragments. Now the average contemporary Protestant is not enthusiastic about the fact of division itself. Neither is he apt to be zealous about the positive protestant dogmas. It is seldom nowadays that one finds a man strongly attached to the doctrine of salvation by faith alone. Almost never can you hear a defence of predestination. With Protestants, in discussing the great cleavage in Christendom, what you usually hear is something like this, "Oh, but our predecessors had to break loose because of the corruption of the Roman Church."

Now the question of corruption in the pre-Reformation Church is not a dogmatic or doctrinal question. It is an historical question, and requires for its treatment not the theologian but the historian.

I submit that the driving force of the great sixteenth-century religious upheaval was not the desire for schism—although it resulted in schism. Neither was that driving force the doctrinal innovation—although it resulted in doctrinal innovations—many of them contradictory to one another. The thing that made the movement was a general conviction that abuses existed, and a determination to be rid of them. The very words that the schismatics and the doctrinal innovators preferred to apply to themselves, the words "Reformers," "Protestants," tell their own story.

In order to convince oneself that the desire for schism was not the motive power of the movement, one has only to consider how wide-

spread was the desire for reform. For our purpose to-night it is, by itself, of no great moment that men like Luther and Calvin used strong language about abuses and corruption. It is far more important to note that a man like Rabelais—in temper the very antithesis of Calvin—Rabelais, I say, is full of flings at the Church external organisation. When the inimitable Gargantua first goes to the university he divides his time between scholastic philosophy and vice. When he is brought to a better mind he abandons both, and finds inspiration in "the sermons of pure gospel preachers."

It is no part of my task here to defend Rabelais' character. I insist only upon his genius, his utter unlikeness to the distinctively Protestant temper, and finally upon the undoubted fact that he never maintained heresy or justified schism.

Again, take Erasmus, who could write "Not death nor life shall draw me from the communion of the Catholic Church,"[1] could write also "I see that the monarchy of the Pope at Rome, as it is now, is a pestilence to Christendom."[2] Like Rabelais, Erasmus was no schismatic, and, in intention, no heretic. Indeed, his withdrawal from Luther is perhaps the turning point of the whole movement.

Even a man like Sir Thomas More, who lost his head rather than abandon papal supremacy, was distinctly touched with the spirit of dissatisfaction over conditions within the Church.

No, the mainspring of the reform was not desire for schism, for many of its early enthusiasts were most emphatically not schismatics.

The proof that the revolt was not, at bottom, a desire for doctrinal innovation, is easily to be found in an examination of the doctrinal novelties actually introduced. Fourth-century Arianism, Mohammedanism, even the base Manicheanism of the Albigenses, all resulted from a compact positive doctrine. All had a single definite founder from whom the system consistently developed. But if I ask you who was the founder of Protestantism you cannot answer, because there is none. As Bossuet long ago pointed out, the doctrines of the various Protestant bodies are irreconcilable with one another. So-called forerunners of the movement often turn out to be mere eccentrics—like Wycliffe with his amazing doctrine that no man not in a state of grace could own land. Just think of that for a moment. Nobody, says Wycliffe, can hold a good title to real estate unless he is in a state of grace. Could anything be more ridiculous!

But if the desire for schism was not the force that stirred up the sixteenth-century ferment, and if the doctrinal innovations are irreconcilable with one another—forming no system, but only a sort of chaos—what then are we to think of the movement? I answer that it was a blind reaction against abuses and corruption within the Church.

Now, I repeat, the question as to abuses and corruption in the

[1] *Huizinga*, p. 210. [2] *Huizinga*, p. 180.

pre-Reformation Church is not a doctrinal but an historical question. It touches no fundamental point of faith. I believe that much good might come if not one but a number of Roman Catholic scholars would give us books which should attempt to analyse, frankly and fearlessly, whatever grounds there were for the almost universal sixteenth-century religious discontent.

It would be easy to develop the idea of sympathetic mutual study pursued in a temper that would reverence truth without casting out love. Why is there nothing in English on the Roman Catholic side discussing papal relations with sixteenth-century England? Why are there no lives of that great man, Cardinal Pole? But the thought I wish to impress upon you to-night is that until the learned world is in substantial agreement as to causes, it is useless to try to go further.

What I propose has already been sketched out in Belloc's admirable *Europe and the Faith*. From that sketch most of my points this evening could have been justified. My suggestion is, therefore, only the development of the thesis laid down by the vigorous intellect of the great Roman Catholic layman.

But what good, you may ask, would result from a policy which might cause unnecessary scandal? I answer that the Protestant world of to-day has seen a vision—still a partial vision perhaps, but nevertheless a vision—of religious unity. Before that vision can become real it must, of course, include unity of doctrine. But before doctrinal agreement can possibly be sought with that intensity of desire which alone can bring it about, we must begin by acknowledging mutually, fully and frankly, the follies and sins of those who destroyed our unity.

But you may answer with perfect truth, Roman Catholics are entirely willing to admit that abuses and corruption existed in the pre-Reformation Church, not only to the extent that they must always exist in any society composed of fallible men, but to a shocking degree. Moreover, you may say, again quite truly, that the Council of Trent clarified the disputed doctrines, such as Indulgences, and that the counter Reformation dealt manfully with abuses of conduct. I answer that the question is one of emphasis and historical proportion. The average Protestant does not realise that Roman Catholic scholars fully admit the strongest point in his own case. For the sake of greater mutual charity and affection, why not make him realise? For instance, in the Catholic Encyclopædia the article on Luther leaves nothing to be desired in the frankness with which it discusses the early sixteenth-century abuse of Indulgences, and in the vigour with which it condemns that abuse. In the courts of law it is, I believe, an axiom that a strong case is strengthened still more by the fullest possible recognition of anything that may justly be urged against it.

Finally, let me leave this thought in your minds. Of all the tragic incidents of the calamitous sixteenth-century loss of religious unity, perhaps the most moving of all is what may be called the tragedy of the lost moment.

It was in the year 1517 that Luther posted his theses on the door of Wittenberg church. As late as November, 1518, we find him still appealing against his opponents to a General Council. Not until 1519, in the heat of his public debate with Eck, does he definitely break with tradition by repudiating the authority of General Councils. No Council met until 1545—eighteen years after the bursting of the storm. Worse still, this Council, that of Trent, did not adjourn till 1563—forty-four years since Luther's definite revolt. His debate with Eck was already as far in the past as the year 1880 is from us to-day. In England Elizabeth had already been five years on the throne. Six years more and she was to be under a papal excommunication. The religious revolt had had time to take root. Within those forty-four years the chance for unity had vanished.

Now, what do we see to-day? For the first time in centuries the idea of unity is actually becoming popular. Among the separated fragments of Christendom men are beginning to be ashamed of disunion. Here in this very city of Philadelphia, speaking on reunion before the Priests' Convention of the inadequately-named Protestant Episcopal Church, my own rector—Dr. Barry—said that the separation of the Anglican communion from the rest of Christendom involves us in sin unless we do everything we conscientiously can to put an end to it. I suppose that speech of his is familiar to many of you, and if it is not, then it ought to be.

The World Conference on Faith and Order is to meet in 1928. Day by day the Anglican Communion draws nearer to the Eastern Orthodox—of whose five patriarchates two have already recognised Anglican Orders, so that complete reunion of Anglicans with that venerable church seems to await only the restoration of Eastern Europe to political tranquillity. The Protestant bodies are making a real effort to draw closer to one another and to Anglicans. Meanwhile, under the wise and saintly Cardinal Mercier, conferences are going forward at Malines.

The mention of Cardinal Mercier and Malines brings up the question of reunion and Rome. Without the Roman Catholic Church any possible scheme of reunion is incomplete. To-day the tide of human affairs is setting towards unity. Let us take it at the flood. Where there is anything that we can conscientiously do to draw nearer together, if it be only to mutually confess the errors and sins of our predecessors, let us do it in God's name, in obedience to the prayer of our Blessed Lord Himself that we all may be one.

HOFMAN NICKERSON.

METROPOLITAN MICHAEL: THE GREATEST SERBIAN PRELATE.

By D. S. Maritch.

AFTER the Serbian Revolution of 1804 the Serbian Church continued, for a short time, to be governed by the hated Greek Bishops. Of about 65 years, in which time Greeks governed the Serbian Church after abolition of the Patriarchate of Ipek (1766), only during the reign of Prince Milosh (1815–1860) the Greeks were compelled to give autonomy to the Serbian Church (1831), and their Bishops replaced by the Serbs. The first Metropolitan of the new half-independent Serbian Orthodox Church was *Meletius* (Paulovitch) (†1833), and the second *Peter* (Yovanovitch), after whom in 1859 the Serbian Synod unanimously elected the Bishop *Michael* of Shabatz for Archbishop of Belgrade and Metropolitan of Serbia. With this election begins in the Serbian Church quite a new epoch, which is characterised with the most strenuous Church life.

Metropolitan Michael was born on 19th August, 1826, in *Soco-Banya*, a nice old bath in Eastern Serbia, under the mountain of *Ozren*. After having finished elementary school in his birthplace and gymnasium, he went to Russia in order to get higher education. In 1853 *Miloye Yovanovitch* (his secular name) terminated his studies in the Ecclesiastical Academy of Kieff, and after that, in the same year, he took monastic vow. As Monk Michael he spent a certain time in Russia, and in 1854 Michael came to Serbia and was nominated Professor of Theological Seminary in Belgrade. In the same year, now Archimandrite Michael, was elected Bishop of Shabatz, a place near the old Austrian frontier, lying on the River Save. There Bishop Michael remained till July, 1859, *i.e.*, the year when he was elected Archbishop of Belgrade and Metropolitan of Serbia.

The labours of Metropolitan Michael were many-sided. His greatest work was the creation of the autocefalous Serbian Church, what Greeks after long negotiations at last conferred to in 1879. Besides that, Metropolitan Michael endeavoured to reform the inner life of the Church by raising highly the standard of education of the clergy.

In the political life Metropolitan Michael also took an active part, especially during the liberating wars of 1876–1878 against the Turk. After wars were finished, the first question which was raised by the State was the regulation of the relations between the Church and the State. Metropolitan Michael pledged himself wholly to the

Church interests. In 1881 the *Scoupshtina* (Parliament) voted a shameful law of taxes (fees), according to which the new candidates were to pay fees to the State for the consecration to the holy orders. Metropolitan Michael refused to apply that law, which was sort of Simony, motivating, in a letter to the Government, that (1) the State has no right to want the fees for the offices which it does not give, and (2) that he who dedicates his life to God is not bound by any law to pay the fees for that. After this refusal Metropolitan Michael was removed from his office by the King Milan, and in his stead placed a Milan's *creatura* named Theodosius Mraovitch. Metropolitan Michael remained for two years more in Belgrade, under private arrest, and in 1883 he left Serbia for Holy Land and Russia, where he remained till 1889.

After the abdication of the King Milan (1889) Metropolitan Michael was recalled, and he occupied a second time his Metropolitan See. From that time forwards Metropolitan Michael governed the Serbian Church till his death on 5th February (old style), 1898, after having been for nearly 40 years the head of the Serbian Church.

Metropolitan Michael was the most popular Bishop in Serbia since St. Sava. His name is everywhere known even now, and his charming personality left on everybody who came in touch with him the most pleasant impression. People loved him very much, and on his appearance in the streets or in the churches crowds always surrounded him, in order to obtain his benediction. For the State it was very difficult and dangerous to remove him from his office, and especially it manifested itself on the occasion of the Metropolitan's expulsion from Serbia.

But the most important labours of Metropolitan Michael were those for the Church. It can be said that the first and real organiser of the Serbian Church, after St. Sava, was Metropolitan Michael. Under his direction were regulated by laws all relations between the State and the Serbian Church. These laws are still in power, and by them finally the State's power was limited, in regard to its control over the Serbian Church.

Metropolitan Michael was also a very learned man; he enriched poor Serbian theological literature with about fifty treatises on various theological and ecclesiastical subjects. During his life he was elected a member of all Russian Ecclesiastical Academies and many Universities. In 1862 Metropolitan Michael was also honoured by the West, being elected honorary President of the Society for Liberation of the African Slaves, which society had its seat in Paris. Besides that, Metropolitan Michael had all ecclesiastical regalia. That is his life in main features.

At the present time the Serbian Church is passing a similar period with that of Metropolitan Michael. After the Great War are shaken all foundations of the society, and the Church must somehow recon-

struct itself on new lines. The men like Metropolitan Michael are especially needed, and all real friends of the Serbian Church are indicating on the Metropolitan of blessed memory as the standard of conduct in all questions which might arise in the Serbian Church. For, indeed, Metropolitan Michael was the greatest Prelate of the Serbian Church.

THE PHENOMENAL RENEWAL OF EIKONS IN RUSSIA.

ON March 25th last *The Times* published the following telegram from Riga :—

"'RELIGIOUS PSYCHOSIS' IN RUSSIA"

"Riga, March 23rd.

"The Soviet authorities have appointed a special commission to investigate the new religious movement among the people connected with the 'miraculous renovation of the old eikons' in several parts of White Russia, particularly the Bobruisk and Zhlobin districts.

"Various villages claim that the old eikons have been restored to their former brilliance, and ascribe this restoration to supernatural powers. As a result these villages have been proclaimed as 'holy' by the people. Their 'sacred' influence is said to extend on an average 50 miles, and multitudes of pilgrims are visiting them. Similar movements had begun last year, but the Soviet authorities were able to cope with them.

"The commission has reported that the present movement is due to 'mass religious psychosis,' but in certain Soviet quarters it is given a political character, and is connected with the elections. It is asserted that the aim of the movement is so to impress the peasants as to cause them 'to elect candidates whom God loves.'"

That telegram contained no news except that the Soviet Bolsheviks are—as, indeed, they have cause to be—alarmed at the effect upon the Russian people of a phenomenon which, whatever be its explanation, has been occurring throughout Russia sporadically for the past four years.

As to the thing itself, I will only make these brief notes.

(1) The phenomenon is recorded in Russian history as having occurred with frequency during stormy periods, such as that in the seventeenth century, before the accession of the Romanoff dynasty, in the days of the Golden Horde, and so forth. The Russian people are familiar with the notion, and it is traditional among them to look for it in periods of great national distress, of the remedy of which it is expected as the signal.

(2) Ancient eikons are normally cased over with silver, the faces and hands alone being exposed, and they are often grimed almost past discernment.

The appended letter from Kiev and article from Harbin (at that time not in Red hands) were received by me last summer and,

thinking that they would interest our readers, I have turned them into English.

J. A. DOUGLAS.

(*Translation of a Letter from Kiev.*)

On Thursday, July 6th, we who live in old Kiev were witnesses of a marvel such as is not recorded in the chronicles of Russia.

With the swiftness of a flash of lightning there spread through the city a report that the dome of the Church of Our Lady the All-Consoler, near to the Straw Market, had been renovated miraculously, and with it the Kazan eikon of the Mother of God, which is at its main entrance. I learnt of the happening in the late afternoon and naturally hurried instantly to the spot. The whole square in front of the church and all the adjacent streets were thick with a crowd that numbered many thousands. The sun had set. Evening had fallen. But the renovated dome shone with a greyish golden light. I happened to know that dome particularly well. It had always grieved me by the tarnish of its gilt, which, in places, had gone altogether. It had been of a queer, indescribable dullish yellow. There had been no glitter about it whatever. And now, it was not only suddenly covered completely with new glittering gilt, but it was shining with a kind of mystic light. The attention of everyone was fixed upon it.

From the morning of that day, the 6th July, as soon as ever the renovation of the dome and of the Kazan eikon of the Mother of God had become known, tens of thousands of the people had flowed thither in order to gaze upon this wonderful demonstration of Divine power. The marvellous manifestation was developed before the eyes of everyone assembled. One after the other, by slow degrees, were renovated mysteriously the eikons of Seraphim, Helen, Constantine, and Theodosius of Cheenigov, which are painted on the drum of the dome of the bell-tower. We all watched with stirring of the heart how, minute by minute, the gilt of those cracked and age-dulled eikons was renovated, and how the faces became distinct and the colours appeared in them. They are now as fresh as when they were painted.

It was only after long effort I succeeded in making my way inside the church. In it a three-hundred-years-old Tapestry of the Entombment, a Crucifixion and two Cherubic Banners were being renovated. The Entombment was altogether tarnished with age—but it was shining with gold and silver and displayed all its pristine artistic beauty. The same might be said of the Cherubic Banners. The material, indeed, remained as it had been, tattered and patched in places, but the gilt and the colours were brilliant and gave all the impression of being quite new.

Never, indeed, in my life shall I forget the renovation of the eikon of St. Nicholas, the Well-pleasing, which took place before my eyes. It should be remarked that, the first moment that the renovation became plain, "our" authorities sent a Commission to the church to investigate "the circumstances of the affair." The Commission arrived at the church at 2 p.m. and set to work examining the Entombment, in regard to which its resultant conclusion was that it was all a trick and that, in simple fact, a new eikon had been hung up instead of the old. At that very moment a woman cried out, "Look, a bright spot has shown itself on that eikon." In consequence, everyone in the church turned their gaze to a thoroughly dingy eikon which was hanging on the wall. The bright spot began to grow bigger and bigger. Half an hour had not passed before the face of St. Nicholas, the Bishop and Thaumaturge, shone out on the amazed people. Whereupon the Commission immediately left the church and did not show itself there again.

When I entered the church the central portion of the picture of St. Nicholas had already been renovated; the part surrounding was all blackness. And there before my very eyes and the eyes of all present in that church on that sixth of July, the light issuing from the face of St. Nicholas spread further and further until it swallowed up and dispersed the darkness which still covered the unrenovated part of the eikon. Finally, the representation of Nicholas the Bishop was to be seen in all its beauty. Evening came on. It was dark in the church. The electric light was not on. But the face of St. Nicholas shone with a peculiar, supernatural, mysterious brightness. It was an amazing and astounding scene. For the first time in my life I witnessed the hypnotising power of religious ecstasy upon a crowd. St. Nicholas was there among us as if alive. We all felt his presence. The renovated picture was the representation of St. Nicholas after his historical type—in old chasuble and pall; blessing with his right hand, and the Gospel in his left. All who saw that eikon are unanimous in saying that for beauty and for majesty they have never come across a like representation of St. Nicholas. Plainly that creative act was not the work of a human hand, but of *the Might of Heaven*.

I left the church in a condition of amazement. Night had begun. The crowd remained and was not dispersing. I found myself in its centre. Discussion was going on all round me. Everyone was excited. Some of "ours" (*sc.* the Communists) were contending that the thing was an atmospheric influence. No one was listening to them. The greater number had but one thought, one aspiration of and towards God. It was quite dark. There was no moon. But the church was still glittering. The Kazan eikon of the Mother of God was also glittering above the doors at the entrance.

In church circles in Kiev great importance is attached to the fact

that the renovation began with the Kazan eikon of the Mother of God, the Joy of the Sorrowful. The Kazan eikon is reckoned to be the most potent in Holy Russia and to be the Guardian of the Russian Empire. It was noted also that the renovation had begun with the belfry—a good omen in itself—in honour of the All-Sorrowful and had developed on a Thursday, *i.e.*, on the day consecrated to the memory of the greatest of all Saints, Nicholas of Myra, the Bishop and Thaumaturge, who is specially reverenced by us in Russia.

The next day, *i.e.*, Friday, July 7th, began the renovation of the second dome of the same church and of the eikons fixed under the dome. Experts took pieces of the domes—of that already renovated and of the second—for scientific examination, but the result of their examination was not published.

The second dome had begun to be renovated little by little. By the end of three days all the eikons under the dome were renovated —those of Vladimir, Olga, Nicholas, Alexander Nevsky, the Apostle Peter, and the rest; but from the time that they took a piece from the dome it ceased to be renovated.

The Divine Power could not brook the handling of men.

On the Friday began the renovation of the Church of St. George. Particularly remarkable was the renovation of its eikon of the Supplication of the Cup. As was also the renovation of the eikons representing the Veil of Our Lady, of Christ, and above all that of the Carrying of the Cross. In addition there took place the renovation of the dome of the Church of the Birth of Christ at Podola. One of the most remarkable of the renovations was developed under the dome of the Cathedral of St. Sophia. There has hung there since far-off days, indeed, from somewhere about the time of Peter Mogila, a representation of a miracle of Nicholas the Thaumaturge, showing the Saint with a child drowned in the Dnieper, in 1072, *i.e.*, of "Nicholas Mokrie." Formerly nothing of it could be made out except two or three dim figures. To-day it presents a picture of amazing beauty. In front of the gilt portrait of Nicholas, there are the child rising from the water, its parents, priests, monks and elders.

Behind the arch of the peristyle flows the Dnieper, drawn with the greatest skill. All artists are astounded at it.

I send you a copy of a letter from Kiev, from a lady teacher.

"Dear kinswoman, my mind is indeed full of the things which we have seen and experienced in these days and I desire to share with you that which is alike precious and painful to us both.

"On SS. Peter and Paul's day I decided to visit at last the monk Dmitry of the Ioninsky Monastery, and gave him your parcel for which he was grateful. He talked about nothing except the

prophecies of St. Seraphim which, on a previous occasion, he had promised to read to me. He put their substance into words which coincided with my expectations. He spoke at length also about general spiritual reunion, which is now in view and which ought to be established. He spoke with great joy and vivacity. He spoke also of that which had been enacted two years ago at Irpen, of which, in fact, I had heard some time back. There is a spring of health-giving water there and with very few exceptions all who look into the water just above the bridge see the image of the Mother of God, of the Saints or of the Cross. All see differently. I had just resolved, after returning from the monk, that I would visit the place, when a fresh marvel startled the whole city. I went out to-day to give a lesson to one of my pupils and was told that at the Church of the Sorrowful the dome and some of the pictures were being renovated and that crowds were assembled there. I decided that after my lesson I would go and see for myself. When I came out into the street, the first person I met told me that also at the Church of St. George the dome was being renovated. I went there first. There was a crowd in the square. The little domes were glittering with gold. On one especially the Cross was glistening. On the big dome the gilt was cleansed and the process had affected the eikons which are painted on it right up to the higher parts.

" I went from there to the Church of the Sorrowful. The roadway there was literally blocked with as many people as could be packed into it. The dome over the belfry was glistening as if it had just been gilt. The great dome had only been renovated in parts, but the eikons which adorn it were brilliant with colour and the area of that which was cleansed was enlarged before our eyes. Entry into the church was forbidden, but we were told that the eikons inside it were being renovated. In the evening the church was opened in response to the demand of the crowd, and the All Night Office was celebrated. I was not present at it and only learnt about it later on.

"Wonderful, O Lord, are thy works! My heart was full, and I felt that to express what I had experienced was beyond my power, but I know that you will understand and that you will pray fervently, as for the Resurrection of Lazarus, for the renovation of our hearts, for their cleansing from every defilement—those hearts of which so much has been uncovered . . . .

" 8th July.—Here am I, my kinswoman, once more alone with you in the quiet of my own room! The day has been very full of sensations and happiness! In the morning, remembering that it was the day of the Mother of God of Kazan, I went to the Church of St. George, where I had been overnight. I arrived at the beginning of the celebration. There were not many people there, but everyone's face was as bright and as happy as at that glorious

Feast of Easter. A nun came up to me and exclaimed, "Look, my dear friend, have we ever had such eikons before?" And, in truth, the picture of the Saviour had been renovated—it had been dim from time immemorial—so had that of the Protecting Girdle of the Mother of God, and on many eikons the colours were plainer than they had ever been. From there I went to the Church of the Sorrowful, some time before the beginning of the Liturgy. There there was a sea of people. Quiet and propriety prevailed. No gendarmerie were present. Order was maintained without any disturbance, as if naturally. The first thing that struck my eye was the second dome, which overnight was only beginning to be cleansed and now was glittering with gold. A great piece of the first dome had been taken for chemical analysis, of which the result was made known in the evening, *viz.*, that 92 per cent. was pure gold. I made my way into the church on the stream of the people. The Liturgy was in progress. More people were there than at an Easter Mattins. It was quite impossible to get near the Picture of the Entombment, but it was declared by everyone round me that it was bright with such colours as had never been seen. I made my way to the eikon of St. Nicholas. It was as bright and fresh as if its colours had just been laid. I shed tears in my emotion. "Wonderful, indeed, are thy works, O Lord!" My feelings were past description. Everywhere outside the church was the same manifestation of happiness. Everybody was turning to the other as if to an old friend, and was exchanging his impression. It was also being said that there were even more people assembled at the Florensky Monastery, where, too, the dome and the eikons were being renovated. I went again to the Church of St. George to attend the late Liturgy, in company of a group of newly-made acquaintances. All those people—thanks to our common experience—were now my brothers and sisters. The church was already packed tightly. Even though that was the first time we might have met each other, everybody was everyone else's neighbour and kinsman in the spirit. Someone embraced and kissed me. I kissed someone—I don't at all know whom. On every side you could hear the prayer, 'O Lord! cleanse our souls as Thou art cleansing the dome and the eikons.' 'Whatever Not-made-with-hands may be . . . these colours were not laid by human hands,' shouted a man in front of the eikon of the Saviour as the picture grew brighter and brighter before our eyes. When the Liturgy was over, a short Office of Intercession was held. In the street it was just like the first day of Easter. The people flowed, with happy faces, in an unbroken stream from one church to the other. The bells rang. At the midday I learnt that the eikon of St. Nicholas in the Church of St. Sophia had been renovated—in Little Nicholskoe, in the Chapel of Unhoped-for Joy, in the Lavra and elsewhere. The height of religious emotion reached

was ecstatic—so that one forgot distinctions of age, position, education, etc.

"'Let us love one another that we may with one mind confess.' That could be read on every countenance.

"'Cleanse our souls, O Bounteous King! Wash them with the dew of Thy Grace, and then, it may be, we shall comprehend the meaning of these signs.'

Article from the SVAT of Harbin.

"'Drive Nature out of the doors, it will return through the windows.'"

MASS PSYCHOSIS OR MIRACLE.

One of the most foolish items in the Soviet programme—the destruction of the Religious Sense in the Russian nation—is producing results that are more and more unexpected.

Whole Governmental regions are manifestly being carried away by a wave of religious psychological infection.

To form an estimate of the state of the corporate popular mind in the Premorsky Government—near the Japan Sea—it is sufficient to peruse the report from its branch near the frontier received in Harbin by a public association, dated 11th July and warranted by three signatures. We append it in full.

"Extraordinary happenings are taking place here. Besides the renovation of the eikon belonging to Nemorsky, eight other eikons belonging to Dzoub, Koslovsky and others have been renovated in the village of the Annunciation.

"I went myself to see these eikons and was convinced of the miracle. The renovation is developed not only in the case of metal objects, but in that of paper, paint and wood.

"An eikon from Nemorsky's house has already been taken to the church, and a miracle has taken place near it, the tooth of a woman who had suffered intense agony from it having fallen from her mouth after she had prayed, and that without pain and without blood.

"The clergy pay little attention to these happenings. It is necessary that the Diocesan Council should be informed and should appoint a special committee to investigate the circumstances.

"The Priest Superintendent of the Handaohedza district has been there and after seeing the eikon has come to the same conclusion as myself.

"In the Premorskya region there has been a vast renovation of eikons. The Cathedral in Nicholsk is closed, not, as has been announced in the journals, because a tax of 500 roubles has not been paid, but because in it also an eikon has been renovated, and because some 5,000 people have flocked to it from the villages.

" There is evidence that eikons have been renovated in a whole series of villages, large and small. The people here as well as there are perplexed about the phenomenon and are alarmed as to what may happen. Some are inclined to regard it as a threatening omen.

" Our disquiet may appear strange to you who have not seen these eikons and you may doubt the authenticity of this marvellous phenomenon, but if you saw the eikons yourself it would startle you as much as it startled us. There is not the least sign of cleaning about them or of oiling. Many of these eikons are closely glazed and have not been uncovered for a period of from 20 to 40 years. The incomprehensible phenomenon of the eikons and the dangerous position on the frontier are rousing fear and disquiet among the people.

" Pilgrimage to the eikons has already been initiated.

" The Bolsheviks refrain from action.

" It would be excellent if someone could pay us a visit on your behalf."

Thus you may see that Man's Spiritual Nature, no less than his Physical Nature, takes its revenge for violence done to it.

For our part, we also are inclined to see a threatening omen in this " miraculous renovation of the eikons," although we look at the happening from a different plane to that of the populace of Premorya. Historical precedents come readily to mind of vast areas of Western Europe being gripped by such an obsession of disquietude.

Such are the fruits of the Bolshevik's labour for the spiritual improvement of the people of Russia !

ANGLO-CATHOLIC PILGRIMAGE.

We append the six addresses prepared for presentation by the Pilgrimage to Eastern Hierarchs. The pilgrims intend also to present a picture of the Abbey to the Patriarch of Jerusalem and a fine water-colour of St. Sophia, Constantinople, to the Church of Greece.

To His Holiness the Most Reverend Photios, Patriarch of Alexandria and Œcumenical Pope.

We, Henry Russell, sometime Bishop of Birmingham, together with the 55 priests and 155 faithful laity of the Anglican Church now passing eagerly on our way in Pilgrimage to the Holy City, desire to assure your Holiness of the sincere good-will which we bear alike to the Church of Egypt and to the whole Orthodox Church. Indeed the purpose of our Pilgrimage is to seek the Healing and Refreshment of our souls by the Grace of the Incarnate Son of God in that land wherein He accomplished the Salvation of the World. But we rejoice to pause on our journey thither at the famous City where the Blessed Evangelist, St. Mark, planted and ruled the Church, and whence the Great Athanasios proceeded to Nicæa, 16 centuries ago in this year, to contend for the Holy Faith once and for all committed to the Saints.

As in the days of the Isapostolic Emperor Constantine, the arch enemy of our one Holy Faith, who is the Father of Lies, suborned the heresiarch Areios, so as through the ages, now in these later days, he still puffs up the proud hearts of men with knowledge, falsely so called, to make shipwreck of the Truth. As also the Christ has ever raised up wise and holy men such as the Blessed Athanasios, who, though alone against the World, so stood fast for the Faith, now we pray that the intercessions of the Great Confessor may prevail that He will deliver and preserve alike the Holy Orthodox Church and our Nation from every kind of false teaching. And to that end, as for the fulfilment of the purpose of our Pilgrimage, and for our safe return, we ask the prayers of your Holiness and of the Orthodox Flock of Egypt.

To His Holiness Damianos, Patriarch of the Holy City of Jerusalem and President of the Confraternity of the Holy Sepulchre.

We, Henry Russell, sometime Bishop of Birmingham, and with us 210 of the Clergy and faithful laity of the Church of England who have achieved our Pilgrimage to this Holy City, desire to renew

to your Beatitude our predecessors' expressions of good-will towards the Orthodox Church as a whole and towards the Church of Zion, the Mother of all Churches, in particular.

That good-will is intensified by the sense of gratitude to the Divine Providence which we and all Pilgrims of whatever Confession, who find health and refreshment for their souls at the Holy Shrines, must feel for the Devout and Charitable Labours of your Holiness' Patriarchate and Confraternity.

When in 451 A.D. the Fourth Holy Œcumenical Council decreed the Holy City to be a Metropolis equal with Rome, Alexandria and Antioch, the Patriarchate of Jerusalem was not so proclaimed as a pastoral Patriarchate, for its area and flock were small, but as the Custodian of the Holy Places. For, the Holy Places being altogether precious and needful to all Christians, there could be no doubt but that the Confraternity of the Holy Sepulchre formed at the time of its discovery by the Isapostolic Constantine and Helena, to safeguard, to beautify and to minister within them, should receive both great dignity and the autokephaly requisite for those high responsibilities.

That Your Holiness and your predecessors through the centuries have maintained and discharged your great trust rightly, faithfully, and unselfishly is manifested, as by the noble Holy Shrines built and maintained by you in which we have but now rendered our vows of Pilgrimage, so also by the freedom in which the crowds of Pilgrims of every race and Christian Confession resort to them.

For this your Charity and Fidelity, as for all His Grace and Mercy, we thank God and our Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, and, praying for the Peace and Salvation of your Holiness, your Confraternity and your Flock, we beg you and them to speed our homeward journey with your prayers and benediction.

To His Beatitude Kyrillos, Lord Archbishop of Cyprus and Metropolitan of Constanza.

We, Henry Russell, sometime Bishop of Birmingham, together with the 55 clergy and 155 faithful laity of the English Church now returning from our pilgrimage to the Holy Places where Christ our Lord was born, suffered, died and rose for our Salvation, and being filled with eagerness for the realisation of His Kingdom on earth, rejoice to visit this Island, famous indeed to all Students of Antiquity as a cradle of Art and of Civilisation, but more famous still in Christian History as the seat of the first Church across the sea, planted by the Blessed Apostles Barnabas and Paul, and ruled by the former as its Founder.

For the unchanging witness of the Apostolic and Autokephalous Church of Cyprus to the One Faith of Christ which was the Bread

wherewith Blessed Barnabas nurtured it, which was defended and set forth at Nicæa by St. Spyridon, which, in the days of St. John Chrysostom, was maintained by its Archbishop, St. Epiphanios, that most learned of all doctors among the Holy Fathers, which was held fast by its loyal children in the dark ages of Latin and Moslem Tyranny and Persecution, and which was confirmed by the Martyrdom of your Beatitude's predecessor, Cyprian, 100 years ago at the cruel hands of the Turks, we thank God with all our hearts.

Remembering also the Charity which your Beatitude and your people have manifested to the unhappy victims of that European indifference, and of that Turkish barbarity which have extirpated the Christian name from its ancient Theological Homelands in Asia Minor and the brotherly swiftness with which the Church of Cyprus hastened to signify to our Archbishop its adherence to the acceptance of our Ordinations by the sore-tried and suffering Œcumenical Patriarchate of Constantinople, we desire to express our eagerness at all times and in all ways to serve the desires of your Beatitude and of your Flock.

Though our visit to this city of Nicosia, the most exquisite capital of this fair Island, must be of short duration, we ask your Beatitude to believe that, as we have been inspired by their loveliness and by their sacred traditions, so we shall retain a lifelong impression of them as of your Beatitude's kindness to us. And so we beg your Beatitude's Blessing and the prayers of the Church of Cyprus that, relying on the intercession of St. Barnabas and of our Lady, the Theotokos, we may return with profit from our Pilgrimage to labour in our own land alike for the Faith once and for all delivered to the Apostles, defined by the Holy Œcumenical Councils, and enshrined in the writings of the Fathers, as also for the Peace and Unity therein of the whole Church of God.

To His Eminence Tourian, Armenian Patriarch of Jerusalem.

We, Henry Russell Wakefield, sometime Bishop of Birmingham, together with the 210 members of the faithful clergy and laity of the Church of England who have been blessed to render our vows of Pilgrimage at the Holy Shrine, rejoice in expressing to your Eminence the happiness which we found in visiting the famous Armenian Church of St. James in the Holy City and of tendering to you as representative of the Armenian Nation an expression of the brotherly good-will which we, with all members of the Anglican Name, feel towards the Church of St. Gregory Lusivitch.

God gives differing gifts to His people. To the Armenian Nation He has given in these latter days both the Call to painful and cruel Martyrdom, and the Grace to accept that Vocation. For our own part, in unison with our beloved Archbishop of Canterbury, we have

felt the bitter grief of shame that Europe, and with Europe even Great Britain, as in a betrayal such as has had no example in the History of Christendom, has watched passively the extirpation, whether by the red death or the white, or by expulsion of the ancient and glorious Civilisation of Armenia from its fair ancestral lands of Cilicia and Asia Minor. That the protests of our Church have been all but unavailing and that our practical sympathy has effected scarcely a tithe of the relief which the cruel misfortunes of the Armenian refugees demanded, fills us with sorrow.

None the less, we ask your Eminence to accept the assurance not only of our admiration of the constancy even to death of the Martyrs of Armenia but also of our appreciation of the contribution made to Civilisation and to Christendom by the rich culture, learning and piety of the Armenian Nation and Church.

That in His Great Goodness God will heal speedily the divisions which have wounded the Christian world, and that, reunited both with the Greek Orthodox and with the Anglican Churches, He will give of His wondrous consolation to the survivors of your Race and Church is our heartfelt prayer. Meanwhile we rejoice to witness that in the peace and prosperity of the now liberated Holy Land, your Eminence and your Flock preserve and increase the ancient and glorious Christian traditions of the Armenian Name.

Accordingly praying for the final deliverance of Armenia and the gathering of her scattered sons under the shadow of Mount Ararat and around the Church of the Descent of the Only Begotten, we ask in your Eminence's Blessing and Prayers that the Church of England may rise to Her High Calling, and that we, each in our own place, may be Instruments of the Divine Providence for the Gathering of the Scattered Sheep of the Church into One Flock under the One and Only Shepherd and Saviour of us all.

To His Holiness Gregory, Patriarch of the Golden City of Antioch and of Asia.

We, Henry Russell, sometime Bishop of Birmingham, together with the 55 priests and 155 faithful laity of the Church of England, now returning from the Pilgrimage, by the consummation of which God has blessed us richly in body and soul, to the Holy City of Jerusalem and the Sacred Shrines of the Incarnation of our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, desire to express the sentiments with which we visit the Patriarchate of your Holiness, once the homeland of Christian Theology and of Missionary Zeal.

We have understood the parable of the ruins of the Queen City of the East, that very birthplace of the Name Christian within the famous walls of which the outpouring of the Holy Spirit consecrated the erstwhile persecutor of the Church to be the Apostle of the

Gentiles and sent him forth journeying as the Herald of the Christ, to plant the Cross there (if our tradition be true) in our native land in the ends of the Earth where to-day as once from the Golden Church to the Syrian Nation the Symbol of Redemption shines forth from the Dome of his Great Cathedral and preaches the free gift of the Treasures of the Gospel to millions upon millions of saints and sinners, in the Babel of London, our own National Metropolis.

We have witnessed also with heavy hearts the devastation worked throughout the bitter ages of Turkish tyranny and fanaticism upon the Christian Name in the Syrian lands, and have sorrowed with amazement that, as in ancient days, when suborning that Pride of Intellect, which is the Mother of Heresy, the Spirit of Confusion engendered schism upon schism in the Church of Antioch and thereby prepared its slavery to the Sword of Islam, so still in these days when the Christian Flock of your Holiness' Patriarchate is surrounded by the unbeliever, the same Evil spirit still labours with the same instruments to destroy its peace and unity.

Therefore we rejoice to take this opportunity to express to your Holiness the sentiments of admiration and good-will with which we and the whole Anglican Communion are inspired by the unshaken Witness to the True Faith of the Undivided Church rendered always under Calumny and often under persecution even to the death by your Holiness' predecessors on the First Throne of St. Peter since the martyrdom of the Confessor Ignatios and, praying that God's Grace may so establish your Holiness and rebuild the ruined wastes of Antioch on the Rock of the Œcumenical Creed defined by the Holy Spirit 1600 years ago this month through the 318 Fathers assembled in the Symbolic City of Nicæa, and safeguarded inviolably by the Orthodox Church of the East, we beg your Holiness to speed our homeward journey with your Blessing and to pray that we too may be used by the Christ to rebuild the Peace and Unity of His Church and to spread His Kingdom among men.

To His Beatitude Chrysostom, Metropolitan of Athens and Archbishop of Greece.

We, Henry Russell, sometime Bishop of Birmingham, with 55 Clergy and 160 faithful laity of the Church of England, who, by the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, have rendered our vows of Pilgrimage at the Shrines of the Holy Sepulchre and at Bethlehem, rejoice also that we have been blessed on our Homeward Way to stop and pray, not only in some of those Cities wherein the Apostles, Paul and John, lived and laboured, but also in that great Metropolis of Eastern Christendom, the New Rome, founded by the Isapostolic Augustus Constantine 16 centuries ago in those days wherein the 318 Holy Fathers assembled at Nicæa to define the Faith which the Christ

revealed and the Apostles preached and by which the Church still lives.

Thus in Cyprus, that fair Island, the Church of which was among the first fruits of the Gentiles, it was to us as though the Spirit which inspired Blessed Barnabas and Paul rested upon us. At Patmos we have knelt in the Grotto of St. John, and have been fired by the Vision of the Triumph of God's Kingdom. In Smyrna we have mourned over that Apostasy of Christian Europe which allowed the Martyrdom of Blessed Polycarp to be renewed, not three years ago, in the Holocaust of His Children and in the glory of the Cruel Death of his Successor, the Holy Martyr Chrysostom. At Ephesus in the Silences of the Street called Straight and of the Ruins of the Temple of Diana, we have mourned over the Quenching of the last Lamp of the Seven Churches of the Apokalypse and have prayed for the day of their rekindling in that Glory of the Gospel which is to be. In New Rome, the City of Constantine and of the Victory of the Cross, we have witnessed the Shameful Tragedy whereby the Mother City of Eastern Christendom is desecrated and beneath the great Dome of St. Sophia planned in the days of Justinian by Anthemios to eclipse the Glory of Solomon's Temple. Standing in the very spot where once stood the Golden Table of Christ, we have prayed that the tears of Theotokos may be assuaged, and that the Queen of all Christian Shrines with her Children, may be restored to the Liberty of the Gospel of the Cross.

And now that we are come to Athens wherein Civilisation was engendered, wherein Blessed Paul wrestled with the Philosophy of Heathendom. we desire to assure your Beatitude and the Greek Nation of our enduring sympathy and admiration, and of those of the Nation and Holy Churches which we represent.

So far as lies within its power, the Anglican Communion following the brave leadership of our revered Metropolitan Thomas Randall, Archbishop of Canterbury, has striven that in these later days Justice should be done and full Freedom of Faith and Life be granted to our Brethren of the Orthodox Name. We glory in that patient age-long witness and steadfast holding to the Faith of the Undivided Church, whereby the Eastern Orthodox Church has received a greater Crown of Martyrdom than that of the Early Church in all the persecutions under Heathen Rome, and we see, as with the eye of Faith, that happy day wherein, according to the Purpose of the Divine Providence, there shall be a restoration of all things and the Earth, being full of the knowledge of the Lord, and the Holy Church of the East shall cover the face of its lands as the waters cover the sea.

Accordingly, praying that God will so use the Church of Greece and the sore tried Greek Nation to the further vindication of His Gospel and of His Promise, we ask your Beatitude's Blessing and the prayers of your Flock, that having returned in safety to our Native

Land, we also may be instruments of His Goodwill for the furtherance of the Reunion and Peace of His Holy Catholic Church throughout the World.

To His All Holiness Lord Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome and Œcumenical Patriarch.

We, Henry Russell, sometime Bishop of Birmingham, together with 55 clergy and 210 faithful laity of the Church of England, who, returning from our Pilgrimage to Mount Zion and the Holy Places of the Incarnate Saviour's Birth and Passion, have been blessed to visit, according to our set purpose, Constantinople, that Imperial City founded by the Isapostolic Constantine to be the Metropolic of the Christian East, and to pray beneath the Dome of the Incomparable Church of St. Sophia, which, though still degraded to be used as a Moslem Mosque, remains none the less the Queen of all Christian Shrines, desire to express to your All Holiness the unfeigned gratitude and admiration which not only fills our own hearts, but that of the whole world-wide Communion of the Anglican Churches is filled as for the age-long witness of the Orthodox Church to the unchanging Faith of the Church of Christ so also for the steadfastness, even unto bitter death, of your Bishops, Priests and Flock, in these latter days.

When we knelt and prayed within the walls of the Metropolis of Cyprus in Nikosia, we rejoiced to perceive, as we rejoiced to experience in the Holy City itself, the renewed and restored Christian Life which has followed upon the deliverance of the Flock of Christ from the age-long helotage under the Turkish and Moslem yoke. When we paid our vows in the Holy Monastery of St. John in Patmos, the Blessed Island of the Apokalypse, we saw that, although the ambition of Imperialism still hinders its people from union with those of its own blood, none the less the worst of its bondage had passed from it. When we landed at Smyrna and picturing to ourselves the nameless horrors of the holocaust wherewith Nur-ed-din purged it in 1923 of the Greek and Christian character which had been its glory for 2000 years, we prayed that by the intercession of Blessed Chrysostom and his Martyred Children civilisation may be absolved from its passive share in that Crime. But when we came to that Constantinople which, two years ago, was still predominantly Christian and Greek in character and people, and saw its Monuments and Churches in ruins and desecrated through Turkish vandalism and Moslem bigotry, and its anxious sore-tried Christian remnant under the heel of the Barbarous and Nomad Conqueror, the measure of the suffering of the Orthodox Flock in the past half century was revealed to our conscience, and, thanking God for its Faithfulness in Persecution and Affliction, we prayed that the Anglican Churches and the Anglo-Saxon Race, and with them we ourselves, may be used by the Divine

Providence for its present Comfort and Consolation, and for its future Recompense and Restoration.

In conclusion, while we in no wise forget the difficulties which lie in the path to that full, dogmatic agreement on the basis of the Faith of the Undivided Church of the First Nine Centuries, without which no true Union of the Orthodox and Anglican Churches is rightly possible, both the solidarity of mutual experience and sympathy which has drawn our respective Churches together since the Tragedy of the Great War, and the ready hand of Brotherly Charity which in all things, and especially by the Acceptance of the Validity of Anglican Ordinations, you and your predecessors on the Throne of Blessed Chrysostom and Photios have held out to us, embolden us to hope our eyes may see the realisation of the Great Prayer of the One High Priest for the Unity of His People.

Accordingly we ask your Holiness' Blessing and the Prayers of your Flock, that having returned in safety to our homes, we may there, by the intercession of our Lady, and all Saints, be instruments of the good Work of our God and Saviour.

CHRONICLE AND CAUSERIE.

SINCE our last issue, and at the time of writing in early May, nothing of importance has occurred in regard to the Œcumenical Patriarch, except that the Mustapha Kemal's Government has been compelled to sit passive while his rough handling of the Treaty of Lausanne—to which it owes its present privileged licence to work its will on the wretched *rayah* of Asia Minor—is judged by the Arbitral Tribunal of the League of Nations at the Hague. Meanwhile, we are glad to give our readers the Patriarch's latest portrait, taken in the *salon* of the Metropolitan of Salonika's Palace, in which His All-Holiness has resided since his expulsion from Constantinople in January. By advices from the Near East, we learn that, after having threatened to expel the Metropolitans of the Constantinopolitan Synod, Kemal has climbed down and has decided that such a further flagrant breach of the pledges given at Lausanne would be unsafe. Happily the Patriarch Constantine is of too strong stuff even to consider abdicating at the bidding of these Greek politicians, who for secular reasons wish at all costs to keep the Patriarchate in Constantinople. If the League of Nations does not succeed in extracting efficacious guarantees for the free functioning of the Patriarchate in its proper city, he intends to summon his Synod to Salonika and, as in an Avignon, continue to exercise his office thence. In fact, he has already convened all the Metropolitans of his jurisdiction to a Conference.

As we learn at the time of writing, the arrangements for the Anglican Commemoration of the sixteenth centenary of the First and Great Council of Nicæa are as follows. The Liturgy will be celebrated solemnly in Westminster Abbey—St. Paul's being closed for the safeguarding of its structure—on June 29th, St. Peter's Day. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself will preach the sermon, and, in consequence of the vote of Convocation through which the Commemoration has been fixed, the Bishops and Proctors will attend officially. The Bishop of London is in charge of the preparations. It is expected that several Orthodox Bishops, including not only the Metropolitan of Thyatira and the Metropolitan Evlogie, but other and very distinguished Russians, and so forth, will be present. The Creed will be sung in our customary form in English, but after its singing will be recited by one of our Orthodox visitors in its original wording and language. No such Votive Eucharist, it would seem, has been rendered of recent centuries in our Communion, and, since St. Peter's Day is also the Patronal Feast of the Abbey, it is altogether appropriate that the Commemoration should take place on the day selected and in the Shrine which is the focus of our national and ecclesiastical life. There will be something peculiarly symbolic in the Commemoration of God's gift of the Creed to Christendom, expressing that Faith in the Rock on which the Church stands impregnable, within the walls of the central shrine of Anglo-Catholicism, and in the presence of Eastern dominant personalities, on the Festival of that Apostle who was the first to affirm the great fact of the Incarnation and to receive our Lord's promise of Commission.

In this number we give the speech delivered by the Bishop of London on the subject of the present crisis in Constantinople, and the Panegyric delivered at the A. and E.C.A.'s Solemn Requiem in St. Matthias', Earl's Court, for the Patriarch Tikhon. Of our other contributors we should say that Mr. Hofman Nickerson is not only a fine historian but a member of the Council of the American Church for the Foreign-Born, and a very keen worker in the field of Anglo-Orthodox relations. He is also in close touch with Cardinal Mercier. Mr. Maritch is one of our old Serb students at Oxford, and gives promise of doing fine service to his own Church and nation. Beyond our reminding the reader that Dr. Kidd is the Warden of Keble, Oxford, and one of the Conversants at Malines, that scholar and theologian, whom we thank for his splendid contribution, needs no introduction.

Professor Nicholai Nicanorovitch Glubokovsky, whose Academic Jubilee was observed by the world of learning and of theology on

April 24th, must be well known to every reader of the *Christian East*, to which in the past five years he has contributed very many articles of first importance. None the less we give this sketch of his career and personality. His portrait formed our frontispiece in September, 1923. Born in 1863, the son of the parish priest of a country parish in the Nikolsky district of the Vologodsky province, he made his way by sheer ability from the village school to what was perhaps the most important academic-ecclesiastical post in Russia. In an almost passionate defence addressed by him in 1923 to a British journal, and refuting the suggestion that under the Iscariot order the Russian Church was out of touch with the common people, he himself described the extreme poverty in spite of which he grew up, as he put it, in happy and ideal-inspiring conditions. Except for a few fees and a stipend of some £30, his father earned the family's livelihood on the parish glebe and actually built its wooden homestead with his own hands, but none the less was a centre of sympathy and influence through the countryside, and was beloved of the peasantry, which flocked to his church, when after a brilliant career as a student, Nikolas Glubokovsky was called from Moscow, where he had studied, to his Petrograd Chair at the age of 28. In Russia it was very unusual for a man to be transferred from one University to another. He at once attracted attention not only by his writings, which are many and of first value—among others he had begun publishing his well-known Theological Encyclopædia before the Revolution—but still more by his extraordinary power as a teacher. The best students flocked to him, not only from Russia, but from Greece and the Balkans, so that is it now hard to name a prominent Orthodox theologian of whom he cannot speak as his pupil. On the advent of the Red Terror in 1917 he withdrew first to Wyborg and then to Prague, where he was welcomed with honour. In 1923 he was invited to Sophia, where he is now the principal Professor of the Theological Faculty of the University, and where his Jubilee is being commemorated by a public banquet, organised by the Bulgar Government. Though in no sense a reactionary, he is by temperament and conviction cautious both as a theologian and as a student of sociology, and his interpretation of the history of the Bolshevik ruin of Russia and analysis of the Communists' principles and *régime* have had a powerful effect among all Russians. He is indeed to be reckoned among the potential factors in the coming reconstruction of Russia.

We also congratulate Father Constantine Vesselovsky of St. Philip's, Buckingham Palace Road, on fifty years' splendid service to the Russian Prechod (Parish) of London. Born in 1850 at Petrograd, then St. Petersburg, he was educated at the Petrograd Eccle-

siastical Seminary, and commenced his service to the Church of God on the 8th October, 1871, in Dresden, Saxony. At the desire of the Russian Foreign Office, he was appointed to the Russian Embassy's Chapel in London on the 6th Feb., 1875, and arrived in London on the 19th March of the same year, so that on the 19th March of this year he completed his 50th year of service to the Church of God in London. He is married to an Orthodox, Sophia, daughter of Richard Coleman. A warm friend to us Anglicans, he refuses no invitation to be present at our services, and is wellnigh as deeply loved among us as among his own people. We congratulated him in March on receiving the Kalimavsky, *i.e.*, on becoming a dignitary of the Russian Church.

That our premier University, that of Oxford, has decided to honour both itself and the Metropolitan Germanos of Thyatira by conferring on him the degree, ***honoris causa***, of a Doctorate in Theology on the occasion of its *Enkainia* on June 16th, will be a matter of real satisfaction to us all. Since he came to London in the autumn of 1922 as the Apokrisarios of the Œcumenical Throne, and Exarch of West Europe, he won the goodwill and personal friendship of every Anglican, from our Archbishop down to the least important cleric and layman with whom he has come into contact, not only by his scholarship and understanding outlook, but also by his humility and affability. In truth, he has been an unofficial ambassador of the Greek nation as well as the official representative of the Great Church of Constantinople. Incidentally we may note the marvellous facility with which he has been at pains to acquire fluency in our not over-easy language. May he dwell long among us and witness the achievement of the Intercommunion of the Anglican Orthodox and Anglican Churches, which is so near his heart!

We print in this number the addresses which are to be delivered to the principal hierarchs of those Eastern countries to be visited by the Anglo-Catholic Pilgrimage of 1925. They are well worth a study by our readers!

This issue of the *Christian East* might almost be termed an illustrated number. We draw our readers' attention to the fact that it contains certain unique pictures of Nicæa as it is to-day, portraits of the Œcumenical Patriarch, of the late Patriarch Tikhon, that holy Confessor who broke the Bolshevik Assault on Heaven by his constancy, and the Sainted Michael of Serbia. No subscriber to this magazine can complain that he does not get the worth of his money. We wish we had a larger circulation. Still, we grow steadily.

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